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JACK AND JILL.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To coast with fun and laughter;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

CHAPTER I. THE CATASTROPHE.

"CLEAR the hill-a!" was the general cry on a bright December afternoon, when all the boys and girls of Harmony village were out enjoying the first good snow of the season. Up and down three long coasts they went as fast as legs and sleds could carry them. One smooth path led into the meadow, and here the little folk congregated; one swept across the pond, where skaters were darting about like water-bugs; and the third, from the very top of the steep hill, ended abruptly at a rail fence on the high bank above the road. There was a group of lads and lasses sitting or leaning on this fence to rest after an exciting race, and, as they reposed, they amused themselves with criticising their mates, still absorbed in this most delightful of out-door sports.

"Here comes Frank Minot, looking as solemn as a judge," cried one, as a tall fellow of sixteen spun by, with a set look about the mouth and a keen sparkle of the eyes, fixed on the distant goal with a do-or-die expression.

"Here's Molly Loo
And little Boo!"

sang out another; and down came a girl with flying hair, carrying a small boy behind her, so fat that

his short legs stuck out from the sides, and his round face looked over her shoulder like a full moon.

"There's Gus Burton; doesn't he go it?" and such a very long boy whizzed by, that it looked almost as if his heels were at the top of the hill when his head was at the bottom!

"Hurrah for Ed Devlin!" and a general shout greeted a sweet-faced lad, with a laugh on his lips, a fine color on his brown cheek, and a gay word for every girl he passed.

"Laura and Lotty keep to the safe coast into the meadow, and Molly Loo is the only girl that dares to try this long one to the pond. I would n't for the world; the ice can't be strong yet, though it is cold enough to freeze one's nose off," said a timid damsel, who sat hugging a post and screaming whenever a mischievous lad shook the fence.

"No, she is n't; here's Jack and Jill going like fury."

"Clear the track
For gentle Jack!"

sang the boys, who had rhymes and nicknames for nearly every one.

Down came a gay red sled, bearing a boy who seemed all smile and sunshine, so white were his teeth, so golden was his hair, so bright and happy his whole air. Behind him clung a little gypsy of a girl, with black eyes and hair, cheeks as red as her hood, and a face full of fun and sparkle, as she waved Jack's blue tippet like a banner with one hand, and held on with the other.

" Jill goes wherever Jack does, and he lets her. He's such a good-natured chap, he can't say No."

" To a girl," slyly added one of the boys, who had wished to borrow the red sled, and had been politely refused because Jill wanted it.

" He's the nicest boy in the world, for he never gets mad," said the timid young lady, recalling the many times Jack had shielded her from the terrors which beset her path to school, in the shape of cows, dogs, and boys who made faces and called her " 'Fraid-cat."

" He does n't dare to get mad with Jill, for she'd take his head off in two minutes if he did," growled Joe Flint, still smarting from the rebuke Jill had given him for robbing the little ones of their safe coast because he fancied it.

" She would n't! she's a dear! You need n't sniff at her because she is poor. She's ever so much brighter than you are, or she would n't always be at the head of your class, old Joe," cried the girls, standing by their friend with a unanimity which proved what a favorite she was.

Joe subsided with as scornful a curl to his nose as its chilly state permitted, and Merry Grant introduced a subject of general interest by asking abruptly:

" Who is going to the candy-scrape to-night?"

" All of us. Frank invited the whole set, and we shall have a tiptop time. We always do at the Minots,'" cried Sue, the timid trembler.

" Jack said there was a barrel of molasses in the house, so there would be enough for all to eat and some to carry away. They know how to do things handsomely," and the speaker licked his lips, as if already tasting the feast in store for him.

" Mrs. Minot is a mother worth having," said Molly Loo, coming up with Boo on the sled; and she knew what it was to need a mother, for she had none, and tried to care for the little brother with maternal love and patience.

" She is just as sweet as she can be!" declared Merry, enthusiastically.

" Especially when she has a candy-scrape," said Joe, trying to be amiable, lest he should be left out of the party.

Whereat they all laughed and went gayly away for a farewell frolic, as the sun was setting and the keen wind nipped fingers and toes as well as noses.

Down they went, one after another, on the various coasts,—solemn Frank, long Gus, gallant Ed, fly-away Molly Loo, pretty Laura and Lotty, grumpy Joe, sweet-faced Merry with Sue shrieking wildly behind her, gay little Jack and gypsy Jill, always together,—one and all bubbling over with the innocent jollity born of healthful exercise. People passing in the road below looked up and smiled involuntarily at the red-cheeked lads and

lasses, filling the frosty air with peals of laughter and cries of triumph as they flew by in every conceivable attitude; for the fun was at its height now, and the oldest and gravest observers felt a glow of pleasure as they looked, remembering their own young days.

" Jack, take me down that coast. Joe said I would n't dare to do it, so I must," commanded Jill, as they paused for breath after the long trudge up hill.*

" I guess I would n't. It is very bumpy and ends in a big drift; not half so nice as this one. Hop on and we'll have a good spin across the pond," and Jack brought " Thunderbolt" round with a skillful swing and an engaging air that would have won obedience from anybody but willful Jill.

" It is very nice, but I won't be told I 'don't dare' by any boy in the world. If you are afraid, I'll go alone." And, before he could speak, she had snatched the rope from his hand, thrown herself upon the sled, and was off, helter-skelter, down the most dangerous coast on the hill-side.

She did not get far, however; for, starting in a hurry, she did not guide her steed with care, and the red charger landed her in the snow half-way down, where she lay laughing till Jack came to pick her up.

" If you *will* go, I'll take you down all right. I'm not afraid, for I've done it a dozen times with the other fellows; but we gave it up because it is short and bad," he said, still good-natured, though a little hurt at the charge of cowardice; for Jack was as brave as a little lion, and with the best sort of bravery,—the courage to do right.

" So it is; but I *must* do it a few times, or Joe will plague me and spoil my fun to-night," answered Jill, shaking her skirts and rubbing her blue hands, wet and cold with the snow.

" Here, put these on; I never use them. Keep them if they fit; I only carry them to please mother." And Jack pulled out a pair of red mittens with the air of a boy used to giving away.

" They are lovely warm, and they do fit. Must be too small for your paws, so I'll knit you a new pair for Christmas, and make you wear them, too," said Jill, putting on the mittens with a nod of thanks, and ending her speech with a stamp of her rubber boots to enforce her threat.

Jack laughed, and up they trudged to the spot whence the three coasts diverged.

" Now, which will you have?" he asked, with a warning look in the honest blue eyes which often unconsciously controlled naughty Jill against her will.

" That one!" and the red mitten pointed firmly to the perilous path just tried.

" You will do it?"

* Jill, of course, was not her real name, but had been given because of her friendship with Jack, who so admired Janie Pecq's spirit and fun.

"I will!"

"Come on, then, and hold tight."

Jack's smile was gone now, and he waited without a word while Jill tucked herself up, then took his place in front, and off they went on the brief, breathless trip straight into the drift by the fence below.

"I don't see anything very awful in that. Come up and have another. Joe is watching us, and I'd like to show him that *we* are n't afraid of anything," said Jill, with a defiant glance at a distant boy, who had paused to watch the descent.

"It is a regular 'go-bang,' if that is what you like," answered Jack, as they plowed their way up again.

"It is. You boys think girls like little mean coasts without any fun or danger in them, as if we could n't be brave and strong as well as you. Give me three go-bangs and then we 'll stop. My tumble does n't count, so give me two more and then I 'll be good."

Jill took her seat as she spoke, and looked up with such a rosy, pleading face that Jack gave in at once, and down they went again, raising a cloud of glittering snow-dust as they reined up in fine style with their feet on the fence.

"It's just splendid! Now, one more!" cried Jill, excited by the cheers of a sleighing party passing below.

Proud of his skill, Jack marched back, resolved to make the third "go" the crowning achievement of the afternoon, while Jill pranced after him as lightly as if the big boots were the famous seven-leagued ones, and chattering about the candy-scrape and whether there would be nuts or not.

So full were they of this important question, that they piled on hap-hazard, and started off still talking so busily that Jill forgot to hold tight and Jack to steer carefully. Alas, for the candy-scrape that never was to be! alas, for poor "Thunderbolt" blindly setting forth on the last trip he ever made! and oh, alas, for Jack and Jill, who willfully chose the wrong road and ended their fun for the winter! No one knew how it happened, but instead of landing in the drift, or at the fence, there was a great crash against the bars, a dreadful plunge off the steep bank, a sudden scattering of girl, boy, sled, fence, earth and snow, all about the road, two cries, and then silence.

"I knew they 'd do it!" and, standing on the post where he had perched, Joe waved his arms and shouted: "Smash-up! Smash-up! Run! Run!" like a raven croaking over a battle-field when the fight was done.

Down rushed boys and girls ready to laugh or cry, as the case might be, for accidents will happen on the best regulated coasting-grounds. They

found Jack sitting up looking about him with a queer, dazed expression, while an ugly cut on the forehead was bleeding in a way which sobered the boys and frightened the girls half out of their wits.

"He 's killed! He 's killed!" wailed Sue, hiding her face and beginning to cry.

"No, I 'm not. I 'll be all right when I get my breath. Where 's Jill?" asked Jack, stoutly, though still too giddy to see straight.

The group about him opened, and his comrade in misfortune was discovered lying quietly in the snow with all the pretty color shocked out of her face by the fall, and winking rapidly, as if half stunned. But no wounds appeared, and when asked if she was dead, she answered in a vague sort of way:

"I guess not. Is Jack hurt?"

"Broken his head," croaked Joe, stepping aside, that she might behold the fallen hero vainly trying to look calm and cheerful with red drops running down his cheek and a lump on his forehead.

Jill shut her eyes and waved the girls away, saying, faintly:

"Never mind me. Go and see to him."

"Don't! I 'm all right," and Jack tried to get up in order to prove that headers off a bank were mere trifles to him; but at the first movement of the left leg he uttered a sharp cry of pain, and would have fallen if Gus had not caught and gently laid him down.

"What is it, old chap?" asked Frank, kneeling beside him, really alarmed now, the hurts seeming worse than mere bumps, which were common affairs among base-ball players, and not worth much notice.

"I lit on my head, but I guess I 've broken my leg. Don't frighten mother," and Jack held fast to Frank's arm as he looked into the anxious face bent over him; for, though the elder tyrannized over the younger, the brothers loved one another dearly.

"Lift his head, Frank, while I tie my handkerchief round to stop the bleeding," said a quiet voice as Ed Devlin laid a handful of soft snow on the wound; and Jack's face brightened as he turned to thank the one big boy who never was rough with the small ones.

"Better get him right home," advised Gus, who stood by looking on, with his little sisters Laura and Lotty clinging to him.

"Take Jill, too, for it 's my opinion she has broken her back. She can't stir one bit," announced Molly Loo, with a droll air of triumph, as if rather pleased than otherwise to have her patient hurt the worse; for Jack's wound was very effective, and Molly had a taste for the tragic.

This cheerful statement was greeted with a wail

from Susan and howls from Boo, who had earned that name from the ease with which, on all occasions, he could burst into a dismal roar without shedding a tear, and stop as suddenly as he began.

"Oh, I am so sorry! It was my fault; I should n't have let her do it," said Jack, distressfully.

"It was all *my* fault; I made him. If I'd broken every bone I've got, it would serve me right. Don't help me, anybody; I'm a wicked thing, and I deserve to lie here and freeze and starve and die!" cried Jill, piling up punishments in her remorseful anguish of mind and body.

"But we want to help you, and we can settle about blame by and by," whispered Merry with a kiss; for she adored dashing Jill, and never would own that she did wrong.

"Here come the wood-sleds just in time. I'll

"Had a little accident, have you? Well, that's a pretty likely place for a spill. Tried it once myself and broke the bridge of my nose," he said, tapping that massive feature with a laugh which showed that fifty years of farming had not taken all the boy out of him. "Now then, let's see about this little chore, and lively, too, for it's late and these parties oughter be housed," he added, throwing down his whip, pushing back his cap, and nodding at the wounded with a re-assuring smile.

"Jill first, please, sir," said Ed, the gentle squire of dames, spreading his overcoat on the sled as eagerly as ever Raleigh laid down his velvet cloak for a queen to walk upon.

"All right. Jest lay easy, my dear, and I wont hurt you a mite if I can help it."

Careful as Mr. Grant was, Jill could have



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

cut away and tell one of them to hurry up." And, freeing himself from his sisters, Gus went off at a great pace, proving that the long legs carried a sensible head as well as a kind heart.

As the first sled approached, an air of relief pervaded the agitated party, for it was driven by Mr. Grant, a big, benevolent-looking farmer, who surveyed the scene with the sympathetic interest of a man and a father.

screamed with pain as he lifted her; but she set her lips and bore it with the courage of a little Indian; for all the lads were looking on, and Jill was proud to show that a girl could bear as much as a boy. She hid her face in the coat as soon as she was settled, to hide the tears that would come, and by the time Jack was placed beside her, she had quite a little cistern of salt water stored up in Ed's coat-pocket.

Then the mournful procession set forth, Mr. Grant driving the oxen, the girls clustering about the interesting invalids on the sled, while the boys came behind like a guard of honor, leaving the hill deserted by all but Joe, who had returned to hover about the fatal fence, and poor "Thunderbolt," split asunder, lying on the bank to mark the spot where the great catastrophe occurred.

CHAPTER II.
TWO PENITENTS.

JACK and Jill never cared to say much about the night which followed the first coasting party of the season, for it was the saddest and the hardest their short lives had ever known. Jack suffered most in body; for the setting of the broken leg was such a painful job, that it wrung several sharp cries from him, and made Frank, who helped, quite weak and white with sympathy, when it was over. The wounded head ached dreadfully, and the poor boy felt as if bruised all over, for he had the worst of the fall. Dr. Whiting spoke cheerfully of the case, and made so light of broken legs, that Jack innocently asked if he should not be up in a week or so.

"Well, no; it usually takes twenty-one days for bones to knit, and young ones make quick work of it," answered the doctor with a last scientific tuck to the various bandages, which made Jack feel like a hapless chicken trussed for the spit.

"Twenty-one days! Three whole weeks in bed! I should n't call that quick work," groaned the dismayed patient, whose experience of illness had been limited.

"It is a forty days' job, young man, and you must make up your mind to bear it like a hero. We will do our best; but next time, look before you leap, and save your bones. Good-night; you'll feel better in the morning. No jigs, remember." And off went the busy doctor for another look at Jill, who had been ordered to bed and left to rest till the other case was attended to.

Any one would have thought Jack's plight much the worse, but the doctor looked more sober over Jill's hurt back than the boy's compound fractures; and the poor little girl had a very bad quarter of an hour while he was trying to discover the extent of the injury.

"Keep her quiet and time will show how much damage is done," was all he said in her hearing; but if she had known that he told Mrs. Pecq he feared serious consequences, she would not have wondered why her mother cried as she rubbed the numb limbs and placed the pillows so tenderly.

Jill suffered most in her mind; for only a sharp stab of pain now and then reminded her of her

body; but her remorseful little soul gave her no peace for thinking of Jack, whose bruises and breakages her lively fancy painted in the darkest colors.

"Oh, don't be good to me, Mammy; I made him



JILL AND HER MOTHER.

go, and now he's hurt dreadfully, and may die; and it is all my fault, and everybody ought to hate me," sobbed poor Jill, as a neighbor left the room after reporting in a minute manner how Jack screamed when his leg was set, and how Frank was found white as a sheet, with his head under the pump, while Gus restored the tone of his friend's nerves, by pumping as if the house was on fire.

"Whist, my lass, and go to sleep. Take a sup of the good wine Mrs. Minot sent, for you are as cold as a clod, and it breaks my heart to see my Janie so."

"I can't go to sleep; I don't see how Jack's mother could send me anything when I've half killed him. I want to be cold and ache and have horrid things done to me. Oh, if I ever get out of this bed I'll be the best girl in the world, to pay for this. See if I aint!" and Jill gave such a decided nod that her tears flew all about the pillow like a shower.

"You'd better begin at once, for you won't get out of that bed for a long while, I'm afraid, my lamb," sighed her mother, unable to conceal the anxiety that lay so heavy on her heart.

"Am I hurt badly, Mammy?"

"I fear it, lass."

"I'm glad of it; I ought to be worse than Jack, and I hope I am. I'll bear it well, and be good right away. Sing, Mammy, and I'll try to go to sleep to please you."

Jill shut her eyes with sudden and unusual meekness, and before her mother had crooned half a dozen verses of an old ballad, the little black head lay still upon the pillow, and repentant Jill was fast asleep with a red mitten in her hand.

Mrs. Pecq was an Englishwoman who had left Montreal at the death of her husband, a French Canadian, and had come to live in the tiny cottage which stood near Mrs. Minot's big house, separated only by an arbor-vite hedge. A sad, silent person, who had seen better days, but said nothing about them, and earned her bread by sewing, nursing work in the factory, or anything that came in her way, being anxious to educate her little girl. Now, as she sat beside the bed in the small, poor room, that hope almost died within her, for here was the child laid up for months, probably, and the one ambition and pleasure of the solitary woman's life was to see Janie Pecq's name over all the high marks in the school-reports she proudly brought home.

"She'll win through, please Heaven, and I'll see my lass a gentlewoman yet, thanks to the good friend in yonder, who will never let her want for care," thought the poor soul, looking out into the gloom where a long ray of light streamed from the great house warm and comfortable upon the cottage, like the spirit of kindness which made the inmates friends and neighbors.

Meantime, that other mother sat by her boy's bed as anxious but with better hope, for Mrs. Minot made trouble sweet and helpful by the way in which she bore it; and her boys were learning of her how to find silver linings to the clouds that must come into the bluest skies.

Jack lay wide awake, with hot cheek, and throbbing head, and all sorts of queer sensations in the broken leg. The soothing potion he had taken did not affect him yet, and he tried to beguile the weary time by wondering who came and went below. Gentle rings at the front door, and mysterious tappings at the back, had been going on all the evening, for the report of the accident had grown astonishingly in its travels, and at eight o'clock the general belief was that Jack had broken both legs, fractured his skull, and lay at the point of death, while Jill had dislocated one shoulder, and was bruised black and blue from top to toe. Such being the case, it is no wonder that anxious playmates and neighbors haunted the door-steps of the two houses, and that offers of help poured in.

Frank, having tied up the bell and put a notice in the lighted side-window, saying, "Go to the back door," sat in the parlor, supported by his chum, Gus, while Ed played softly on the piano, hoping to lull Jack to sleep. It did soothe him, for a very sweet friendship existed between the tall youth and the lad of thirteen. Ed went with the big fellows, but always had a kind word for the smaller boys; and affectionate Jack, never ashamed to show his love, was often seen with his arm round Ed's shoulder, as they sat together in the pleasant red parlors, where all the young people were welcome and Frank was king.

"Is the pain any easier, my darling?" asked Mrs. Minot, leaning over the pillow, where the golden head lay quiet for a moment.

"Not much. I forget it listening to the music. Dear old Ed is playing all my favorite tunes, and it is very nice. I guess he feels pretty sorry about me."

"They all do. Frank could not talk of it. Gus would n't go home to tea, he was so anxious to do something for us. Joe brought back the bits of your poor sled, because he did n't like to leave them lying round for any one to carry off, he said, and you might like them to remember your fall by."

Jack tried to laugh, but it was rather a failure, though he managed to say, cheerfully:

"That was good of old Joe. I would n't lend him 'Thunderbolt' for fear he'd hurt it. Could n't have smashed it up better than I did, could he? Don't think I want any pieces to remind me of *that* fall. I just wish you'd seen us, mother! It must have been a splendid spill,—to look at, any way."

"No, thank you; I'd rather not even try to imagine my precious boy going heels over head down that dreadful hill. No more pranks of that sort for some time, Jacky," and Mrs. Minot looked rather pleased on the whole to have her venturesome bird safe under her maternal wing.

"No coasting till some time in January! What a fool I was to do it! Go-bangs always are dangerous, and that's the fun of the thing. Oh dear!"

Jack threw his arms about and frowned darkly, but never said a word of the willful little baggage who had led him into mischief; he was too much of a gentleman to tell on a girl, though it cost him an effort to hold his tongue, because Mamma's good opinion was very precious to him, and he longed to explain. She knew all about it, however, for Jill had been carried into the house reviling herself for the mishap, and even in the midst of her own anxiety for her boy, Mrs. Minot understood the state of the case without more words. So she now set his mind at rest by saying, quietly:

"Foolish fun, as you see, dear. Another time, stand firm and help Jill to control her headstrong will. When you learn to yield less and she more, there will be no scrapes like this to try us all."

"I'll remember, mother. I hate not to be obliging, but I guess it would have saved us lots of trouble if I'd said No in the beginning. I tried to, but she *would* go. Poor Jill! I'll take better care of her next time. Is she very ill, Mamma?"

"I can tell you better to-morrow. She does not suffer much, and we hope there is no great harm done."

"I wish she had a nice place like this to be sick in. It must be very poky in those little rooms," said Jack, as his eye roved round the large chamber where he lay so cozy, warm and pleasant, with the gay chintz curtains draping doors and windows, the rosy carpet, comfortable chairs, and a fire glowing in the grate.

"I shall see that she suffers for nothing, so don't trouble your kind heart about her to-night, but try to sleep; that's what you need," answered his mother, wetting the bandage on his forehead, and putting a cool hand on the flushed cheeks.

Jack obediently closed his eyes and listened while the boys sang "The Sweet By and By,"

softening their rough young voices for his sake till the music was as soft as a lullaby. He lay so still his mother thought he was off, but presently a tear slipped out and rolled down the red cheek, wetting her hand as it passed.

"My blessed boy, what is it?" she whispered, with a touch and a tone that only mothers have.

The blue eyes opened wide, and Jack's own sunshiny smile broke through the tears that filled them as he said with a sniff:

"Everybody is so good to me I can't help making a noodle of myself."

"You are not a noodle!" cried Mamma, resenting the epithet. "One of the sweet things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved, how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy. Don't forget that, little son."

"Don't see how I can, with you to show me how nice it is. Kiss me good-night, and then 'I'll be good,' as Jill says."

Nestling his head upon his mother's arm, Jack lay quiet till, lulled by the music of his mates, he drowsed away into the dreamless sleep which is Nurse Nature's healthiest soothing sirup for weary souls and bodies.

(To be continued.)

WISH I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I'd find them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.



Now S is crooked—don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me,
And O is something like a ball,—
It has n't any end at all.

And all the rest are—my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks—oh dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What do they have so many for?

THE GREAT RACE.

By F. E. T.

EVERY bird, insect and flower, within a hundred miles, had been talking about it all summer. The leaves were so excited that they could n't stand still, and even the cross old crows, who do nothing but scold, had promised their young ones, that if they would be very good little crows for a whole month, they should be taken to see the race.

disorder, which you know is the most important thing in the whole race; and, for my part, I greatly approve their taste in choosing him."

"Well, if you think so, I 've nothing more to say; but if I get a chance, I shall tell them what I think of him."

With that she flounced off, leaving her com-



"Yes," said one wily old owl to the other, as they retired for the day; "yes, I heard one of the District Telegraph mice say that the Wind was going to be umpire."

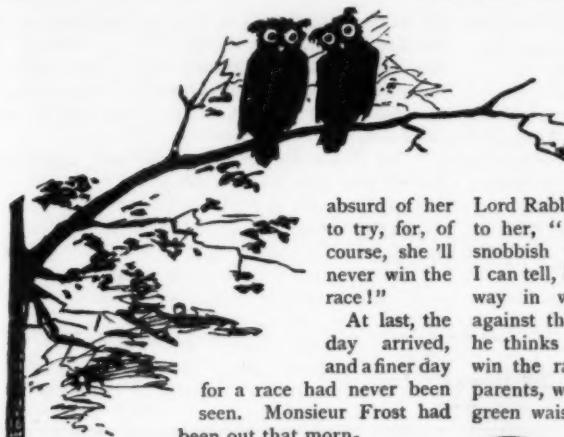
"Humph," returned the other, "the Wind! they just choose him because he blows so much. I tell you, my dear, if you want to make a stir in the world, all you have to do is to get on the right side of the Wind; he 'll make you fly, I can tell you."

"That is just the reason they make him umpire," replied the first; "he will urge on the laggards, they say, and keep things in general

panion to wonder over the peculiarities of fowl nature, as she retired to her nest in an old well; where the moon made faces at her over the brink.

The race was to be between the Leaves. Every tree in the forest sent a delegate, and it was whispered by a gossiping young squirrel that the rivalry in costume would be something perfectly wonderful.

"Old Oak's daughter," he said, "who has been dancing and flirting all summer, is to appear in an elegant maroon dress just from Robin Redbreast's; and all because Monsieur Jack Frost says, maroon is going to be fashionable this winter. But it is



absurd of her to try, for, of course, she'll never win the race!"

At last, the day arrived, and a finer day

for a race had never been seen. Monsieur Frost had

been out that morning, talking about fashions, to such an extent, that every body's cheeks were very red, and some had even blushed up to their noses. I suppose it was because their clothes were not in the latest style; I'm sure I don't know any other reason.

Old Wind was up bright and early, too, and making such a noise and confusion in sweeping off the course, that no one could help knowing he was going to be umpire.

The crowd began to assemble long before the race began, and, when the time arrived, the grand

strict Telegraph mice to lie down as seats; they proved very soft, and the ladies, now being comfortable, began to talk with their friends.

"Dear me," said Lady Daisy to the stylish

Lord Rabbit, who sat next to her, "do look at that snobbish young Maple! I can tell, by the conceited way in which he leans against that cobweb, that he thinks he is going to win the race. I hear he is a great trial to his parents, with his extravagant habits; just see his green waistcoat and yellow knee-breeches; I'm thankful *my* sons dress plainly!"



"Oh, he's young yet, he's young yet," said Lord Rabbit, as he smoothed down his soft fur waistcoat and thought of his own silly youth.

"Now, there's his cousin, young Ash," said Lady Daisy, "with a new suit of crimson and brown. I fully approve of him, as they say his father is a millionaire."

Lord Rabbit was just going to reply, when the blue-bell sounded the signal to start, and the race began.

And what a race it was!

Helter-skelter, away they went! over and over! leaping high into the air, then falling low into the dust, until old Wind, getting very excited, jumped



stand was so packed that some of the nobility were obliged to have toad-stools set in the aisle for them. These being too hard for many of the ladies (who still insisted upon staying), the manager, Mr. Fall Season, ordered several of the Dis-



up, and, shouting that he was umpire no longer, rushed after them.

They reached the goal, but could not stop, for

old Wind was behind them, and the Trees, and the Birds, and the very Air, shouted:

"He's mad! he's mad!!"

Little Ted Williams sat on a flower-pot, making a jolly mud-pie, when he chanced to look up, and lo! in the distance he saw a great heap of Leaves blown by the Wind. As they passed him he caught

the foremost of them,—a deep-red oak-leaf,—and put it in his hat. His mother said the color of it was maroon, the fashionable shade this winter; but nobody heard the Birds and the Flowers say to a little gray squirrel, who was sitting on the rail fence:

"Old Oak's daughter won the race, after all. Just let your cousin know, will you?"

FABLES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.



"A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE, CAREFULLY FED AND ATTENDED TO."

THE PIG AND THE RAT.

A PIG, so fat that it could hardly move, once lolling indolently in its sty, saw a poor, half-starved rat, that, with much timid alertness, stole from its hiding-place, and after seizing one of the many grains of corn that lay scattered around, quickly escaped with his prize, and with very much the air of a beggar who had asked for something to eat, and had then run away, ashamed to be seen.

"You poor creature," grunted the pig, "what a life you lead; half starved and half frozen! Behold me now! Here I am,—a person of consequence, carefully fed and attended to, with every morning fresh, sweet straw thrown to me to make my bed soft and warm. As for you, poor creat-

ure, it is only at the risk of your life, by constant labor and struggles with your fellow-creatures, and even by beggary, to speak of nothing worse, that you can contrive to live at all."

"Please to recollect," said the rat, as he paused for a moment at the mouth of his hole, "when you heap your pity upon me, that you receive favors and benefits not on account of the love your master bears you, nor on account of your own worthiness, but because of the use which he intends making of you, when he has fattened you up to his liking. As for me, I do not live in constant fear of the butcher's knife, and I think it is likely that I shall keep my place in the world, poor as it is, much longer than you will keep yours."

THE LAZY CHIMNEY.

A CHIMNEY, feeling proud of the important position it held, refused to perform its duty.

"Here am I," it said, proudly, "an important and indispensable portion of this house to which I belong. Shall I, then, important as I am, continue to carry off the foul smoke, that even the very logs in the fire-place refuse to retain? Never!" Accordingly, the following day, instead of carrying off the smoke as usual, it sent it disdainfully into the house, nearly strangling the family within.

The master of the house soon perceiving where the fault lay, thus addressed the chimney:

"Since you refuse to fulfill the office that is required of you, and as you are neither an object of beauty nor an adornment to the house, you will soon discover that a useless object has no place in this world." Then calling his servants together, they soon demolished the chimney, and in its stead erected one that was more willing to perform a chimney's duty.

THE SAPLING AND THE Sycamore.

A TENDER sapling, to protect itself from the various perils attendant upon its existence, had

grown closely to the trunk of a large and powerful sycamore, finding there security from danger.

One day, however, a terrible storm arose, and the sycamore, in spite of its struggles, was hurled prostrate upon the earth. In its fall it not only crushed the sapling beneath its huge bulk, but tore its very roots from the earth where it grew.

"Alas!" said the dying sapling, "how foolish it is to place utter dependence upon the strength of another!"

THE WIND AND THE MAN.

THE wind observed with amusement the vast labor with which a man built himself a house.

"Ho! ho!" waved the wind, as it dashed down upon the laborer, "do you expect that puny edifice to protect you from the elements? Behold! I with a breath can destroy it."

Hereupon, accumulating the utmost amount of its power, it dashed down upon the house with a roar, and utterly demolished it.

"It is easy for you to criticise, and not very difficult for you to destroy my unfinished work," said the man, standing sadly in the midst of his ruined cabin, "but, now that you have thrown it to the earth, can you erect a better?"

THE KNIGHT AND THE PAGE.

(*A Story of a Long Ago Christmas.*)

BY MARTHA C. HOWE.

IN leatherne volume, old and quaint,
I read, one Christmas-tide,
Stories of lady and knight and saint
Who loved and suffered and died;
But one of a simple and noble child
Was sweeter than all beside;—

A little page in castle hall
Fair-faced, with golden hair,
Who waited his lady's lightest call
And stood at the baron's chair;
Or sang, with silvery voice and sweet,
And chanted the evening prayer.

And life, in the castle, was bright and gay
With chase and feast and dance,
One hundred good knights held courtly play,
And tilted with gleaming lance,—
When tidings came of invading foes,
And war with haughty France.

Then rode the knights from the castle gate
In glitter of martial pride,
Ready to meet the warrior's fate
Or stand at the victor's side;
And within the walls, save page and serf
There were none, to shield or guide.

In the lady's bower was heard no song,
All hearts were chill with dread;
The weary days, how sad and long!
Laughter and light were fled,
And when they chanted the evening prayer
They were thinking of their dead.

Darker and deeper grew their woe
As Christmas-eve drew near;
For the baron's fiercest, deadliest foe,
With many a flashing spear,
Rode up and clattered the castle gate
With mocking words of cheer.

“ Good thirty men behind me ride,
The bravest in the land;
I come to break your baron's pride,
And offer a mailed hand.
Will ye be crushed in its iron grasp?
Or tamed to my command?

“ Ye are but women few and lorn;
Your 'frighted menials flee;—
Ho, lady! vain thy lofty scorn.
Bring down the castle key!
Come down and plead for leave to live,—
Upon thy bended knee!”

Then stood she up before them all,
That lady brave and true:
“ So ye besiege defenseless wall,
And war with women few?
I will not yield my castle key,
Cowards, whate'er ye do!”

The knight laughed loud in bitter hate:—
“ Fine words, my lady bold;
To-night, before thy castle gate,
We feast and revel hold.
When the matin bells of Christmas chime
Know that thy doom is tolled.”

That night, within the lofty hall,
Fair faces blanched with fear:
“ Must we in vain for mercy call?
Is there no succor near?”
What prayers rose up that dreary night
Broken with sob and tear!

In the cold gray light of Christmas morn,
They wait the summons grim—
What music on the air is borne,
Thrilling the silence dim?
It is the voice of the little page,
Singing a Christmas hymn!

“ O Christ, upon whose natal morn
Rejoicing angels sang,
When o'er the blue Judæan hills
Their heavenly anthems rang!

“ O Christ, to whom with gifts from far
Came shepherd, sage and king,—
Our choicest gifts on this glad morn,
Our hearts, we humbly bring!

“ Grant us to follow Thee in love,
Nor from Thy path to stray,
Thy blessed feet have gone before
And glorified the way.

“ We join the angel choirs that sing
This happy morn again,
Glory to God the Lord most High,
Good-will and peace to men!”

There were no faltering tones of fear
In all that joyous song;—
The childish voice rang loud and clear
The vaulted halls along,
And trembling ones who heard the strain
Grew comforted and strong.

But soon below the castle wall
Pealed out a trumpet blast,
And hoarsely rose Sir Ronald's call:
“ Thine hour hath come, at last!
Now yield me up thy castle key;
The respite-time is past!”

The cruel words still filled the air
When, with a valiant grace,
The little page sped down the stair
The dreaded foe to face.
The castle key gleamed in his belt
As on he went apace.

Great shouts of taunting mockery came
From the arm'd band below.
“ Ha! fallen house and haughty dame!
End all your glories so?”
But Ronald shrank before the child,
As from a sudden blow;

Then sternly spake: “ There is no time
For quip or parley now;
The matin bells have ceased to chime,
And Ronald keeps his vow!
Go tell thy haughty lady there
Her doomèd head to bow.”

“ My lord,”—the voice was low and clear,—
“ One word to thee I bring;
Not from a woman white with fear,
But from the Heavenly King,—
A message which thou well mayst hear
Before thou do this thing!



"THE CHILDISH VOICE SANG LOUD AND CLEAR, THE VAULTED HALLS ALONG."

"But if the holy Christmas hour
Brings no kind thought to thee,
My little life is in thy power,

Set but my lady free,
And I will bless thee e'en for death,
Nor ask for liberty;

" Do with me as thou wilt, my lord,—
 Here is the castle key,—
 Yet give me first thy knightly word
 To set my lady free !
 Our King hath given me this trust ;
 Spend all thy wrath on me."

The knight bowed low his haughty head
 Upon his mailed hand ;
 He who before a foe ne'er fled,
 Nor failed in fight to stand,
 Sat faint and white before them all,
 Unanswering and unmanned !

Slowly stretched forth a kindly arm,
 The voice grew low and mild ;
 E'en hate could find no power to harm

The faithful, dauntless child.
 " Live on, my boy, to sing again
 Thy praises undefiled ! "

He stood before the wondering boy,
 And raised the massive key :
 " I give thee Christmas cheer and joy,
 Life for thy friends and thee !
 The lady hath her liberty,
 Thy hand hath set her free ! "

The maidens cowering in the hall
 Hear a loud trumpet blare,
 And thirty horsemen from the wall
 Ride off in order fair.
 The little page with the castle key
 Comes slowly up the stair.

That night, at chime of vesper bell,
 Pealed forth an anthem choice ;
 But far above the organ's swell
 Rang out a childish voice :
 " My soul shall magnify the Lord,
 My heart in him rejoice ! "



THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

BUDSY, THE GIANT.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

ALTHOUGH Thomas Feathercap was only fifteen years old, he felt sure that the captain would not dare to sail without him, because his father, Mr. Ezra Feathercap, of Salem, was owner of the ship. So, while the sailors were filling the puncheons with sweet water from the spring, he shouldered his Winchester rifle and wandered along the shore of the unknown island, or continent, or whatever it might be, at which the vessel had stopped.

It was a particularly strange and uninhabitable-looking country. As Thomas afterward expressed it, everything was very scattered and very large and very unhandy. There were trees which had just the shape and style of alder-bushes, but which were a foot in diameter and ten feet apart and forty feet high. There were flint boulders, as round and almost as smooth as our sea-side pebbles, yet as big as millstones or as haystacks. Thomas found the shell of a dead horsefish, exactly like the horsefishes which he had seen on the Essex beaches, but large enough for a tall man to lie down in at full length. A little back from the sea he saw a glaring precipice, or bluff, which hid all the inland regions, and yet strangely resembled a common whitewashed fence. Notwithstanding his spirits and the fifteen shots in his rifle, Thomas began to be daunted by the general volume and unhandiness of things.

"I'm glad that horsefish was n't alive," he said. "I guess I'd better be getting back, before any more of 'em come ashore. I don't want to be eaten by a horsefish."

But just then he came upon a still more surprising and alarming sight. It was a series of human footprints in the sand, each one of them nearly as long as himself. Thomas perceived at once that, if the creature who left these tracks should return and should make a grab at him, it would be a very unequal tussle. Fighting a lion, or a grizzly bear, even, must be light and trifling employment, compared with fighting a giant whose shoes measured five feet from heel to toe. Tommy was tremendously scared; he forgot that he had a rifle, and even forgot that he had legs; he stood perfectly still and bawled to the ship for help, although it was a mile away.

But his outcry only brought him into greater trouble. There was an awful rustle in a neighboring thicket of the tree-like bushes, and then Thomas saw a most monstrous and ponderous giant running toward him. He was about thirty

feet high, and very nearly three yards across the shoulders, and must have weighed many tons. The largest ox that ever was seen would have been only a lap-dog to him, and the American eagle could have perched on his little finger like a canary-bird. But big and dreadful as he looked, he seemed to be very clumsy, for he ran with uncertain, tottering steps, and presently he went slam-bang on his face, kicking his great fat legs over his head and grunting like a whole drove of pigs.

While the giant was blowing the sand out of his mouth, and slowly getting on all fours as if to rise to his feet, Thomas Feathercap prepared to defend himself. He was not so frightened but that he could cock his rifle and face his enemy. Meantime, too, he stared at the surprising shape and dress of the giant, and wondered if giants in general had such figures and costumes. This particular giant wore a velvet cap and long feather; also a blue frock, which looked as if he had outgrown it, and which stuck out funnily in the short skirt; underneath this, cotton drawers edged with frills, all quite visible to a person who stood so much below him as did Tommy; checkered stockings, which only partially covered his tremendous, pink legs; and, lastly, red shoes badly stubbed at the toes.

His face, five or six feet across, was as round as the full moon and had as many dimples in it as a baby's. His expression was very mild and somewhat troubled. His under lip stuck out, in a tremulous way, and there was a tear as big as a hen's egg on his monstrous, quivering cheek. He looked as if he had hurt himself in falling, and could hardly keep down a whimper. If he had been only three feet high, instead of about thirty, he would have been ridiculous or pitiable, and Thomas would probably have laughed at him, or offered to brush off his jacket.

As it was, he was pretty dreadful. Suppose he should merely fall down again, and smash a fellow as thin as blotting-paper? Thomas realized that he must keep the monster at a distance. He bawled as loudly as he could: "Hold up there! You stand off, will you?"

The giant appeared to hear him, but not to see him. He opened his enormous rose-bud mouth, and turned his huge blue eyes in every direction. He looked out to sea, and then up and down the shore, and then straight into the sky, meanwhile turning slowly round on his immense trotters.

After he had stared about in this childish, drooling way for half a minute, he resumed his queer, toddling march toward the beach. He was within fifty yards of Tommy, and likely to trample him down in a few more seconds, when the latter fired a shot at him, just by way of a caution. The ball struck

Now at last the giant saw him. He stopped crying all at once, and stared at him with a mouth as round as a cart-wheel. Then he started back in such haste that he fell down again, this time in a helpless sitting position, kicking his great plump feet about at a furious rate, like a child in a fright.



"AT LAST, THE BABY GIANT SAW HIM."

one of his spacious knees, and buried itself in a great dimple. The effect was tremendous. The giant uttered a cry as loud as the whistle of a steam-engine, and began to rub his knee with his ponderous chubby hand, meanwhile looking at it with a face full of anguish.

"Well, I told you to stand off!" shouted Tommy, getting his rifle into position again. "I'll give you another one if that is n't enough."

After a while, finding that he was not hurt, he slowly got on his legs once more, and stood staring at Tommy. What with the tears on his big cheeks, and his monstrous mouth wide open, and his expression of timorous wonder, and his very prodigious size, it was hard to say whether he was most funny or dreadful.

"Don't you step on me!" yelled Tommy, at the top of his voice, and retreating a few paces.

"I aint a do-in to," replied the giant. And then he began to rub his knee and scream again, though somewhat more composedly than before.

And he fired another shot right past the astonished monster's ear. The giant looked all about him with his mouth



"I SALL FALL," HE WHIMPERED. "CATCH ME!" [SEE PAGE 106.]

"What are you bawling about?" asked Tommy, with some contempt.

"A bee 'tung me," said the whimpering giant.

"It was n't a bee," explained Tommy, smiling to himself. "Look here,—I 'll show you what it was."

open, and then looked at Tommy, and then laughed. "Was that you popped?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tommy, hoping to scare him, and so keep his great feet at a safe distance.

"Pop it adain," grinned the giant.

Tommy fired one more shot close to the other ear of the child-mountain, which so delighted him that he jumped up and down and laughed with a mighty noise. Indeed, he seemed to be a very playful monster, for the next minute, catching sight of the ten-foot horsefish, he made a run for it, seized it by the tail and flung it several rods out to sea, scattering pailfuls of water and wet sand all about him.

"Goodness!" muttered Tommy. "What if he should give *me* such a send-off as that!"

He resolved not to plague the giant, and also to keep his rifle cocked.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Budsy," answered the child-mountain.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tommy. "Well, Budsy, if you'll keep out from under my feet, and look where you step yourself, we'll get along first rate. Where do you live?"

Budsy pointed indefinitely inland, and then abruptly set off on a run toward the forest of gigantic alders, as if he had forgotten something there. When he re-appeared, he was pushing before him a prodigious vehicle, at least as high as an ordinary house, and which had much the look of a baby-wagon.

"It's my 'ittle sister," he said, pointing inside with a grin. "She's a girl-baby."

"Is she!" stared Thomas, quite confounded at the idea of a giant girl-baby, a thing which he had never thought of before.

"I'll show *oo*," said Budsy, and proceeded to fumble inside the carriage, at a fearful height from the ground. Presently he luggered out the most colossal infant that Thomas had ever seen, even in a nightmare. It was about as big as an elephant, and must have been at least as heavy. Its great dimpled face was so fat and tranquil, and its large blue eyes were so innocent, that Thomas rather admired it, though it was twenty feet above his head.

"Look here, you'd better be careful," he said. "If you drop it all that distance, it'll hurt it."

The giant set the huge baby down on a sand-hill, and held its broad back with his thick hand, so that it could sit up. He seemed to be very fond and proud of his juvenile relative.

"Do oo want to kiss it?" he asked.

"I guess not to-day," said Thomas. "You bring it here to-morrow about this time, and I'll come round and see what I can do. You just tell me where you live."

Budsy hastily put the girl-baby back into the wagon, and covered it up with forty or fifty square yards of blanket.

"Come and see my papa's house," he said.

"Just as lieve," answered Tommy, who had begun to take kindly to the harmless monster, and

who, moreover, felt curious to know what a giant's house was like. So, leaving the tremendous infant to go to sleep again, they trudged inland toward the white precipice already mentioned, the child-mountain a long distance ahead, and gaining a fathom at every step.

"Can oo dit over dis fence?" asked Budsy.

Tommy looked up at the precipice, and saw that it was indeed a fence, built out of boards a foot thick and ten or twelve feet wide, the whole daubed with great lumps of whitewash.

"No!" he replied. "It's more 'n forty feet high."

The giant grinned. He evidently felt superior to Tommy, and was very proud of the superiority.

"I can dit over it," he said.

Then he proceeded to climb, taking hold of the top of the fence with his chubby hands, and sticking his fat right foot into a knot-hole as large as a cart-wheel, and finally getting his left leg over. By this time he was red in the face, and puffed and gasped like a porpoise. Moreover, one of his socks caught in a nail about a yard long, so that he could make no further advance. There he stuck and struggled. It was a really dreadful spectacle. His broad countenance assumed an anxious expression, which rapidly changed to terror.

"I sall fall," he whimpered. "Catch me."

Tommy, on his part, was almost equally scared. What if the child-mountain *should* tumble and break his corpulent neck? "Then they'd think I killed him," he said, forgetting how small he was. "They'd have me up for murder."

Meantime, the giant scratched and kicked with the strength of four elephants, but so stupidly and clumsily that it seemed as if there were no hope for him.

"Hold on tight, you little goose!" screamed Tommy. "Jerk your leg."

Budsy did just as he was told, and finally got loose, and with difficulty came down on his feet.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked Tommy, compassionately.

The giant did n't say anything, but he lifted up the skirt of his frock and looked pitifully at his knee. There was a scratch as long as a hoe-handle.

"Oh, never mind it," said Tommy. "Don't boohoo; I've been scratched worse 'n that many a time."

Budsy seemed much comforted by this information, and merely wiped and rubbed his knee, without crying.

"You'd better be more careful of yourself, Budsy," continued Tommy. "You'll get a bad tumble some day, if you don't keep off these fences. Don't stop to stare at your scratch. Let's

go down to the shore an' wash it. Salt water's good for sores."

"Is it?" said Budsy; and off he went on his queer, toddling trot, leaving Tommy far behind him. But on the way he stopped at the baby-wagon, and commenced to fumble in the lower part of it, meanwhile talking baby-talk to his "ittle sister." When Tommy overtook him, he had got out a toy boat about twelve feet long, and held it

the ship working out of the bay and heading for the open sea, while a giant, who must have been two or three times as big as Budsy, was vainly endeavoring to catch it by wading. The ship was in full sail before a brisk wind.

For half a minute our brave Yankee boy was quite paralyzed with grief and despair. Then it occurred to him that there was just one means of escaping, and that he must try it without a mo-



THE BABY GIANT IN GRIEF.

up in both his hands, looking with a grin at the sails bellying in the wind.

"I got a boat," he said.

"That's a sloop-rigged," observed Tommy. "I can work that kind. Let's see it sail."

"Dere's anoder boat," added Budsy, looking off to the left and giggling with delight.

Tommy looked also, and to his horror beheld

ment's delay. He ran after his overgrown playmate, who by this time was squatting on the edge of the shore, evidently with the purpose of launching his boat.

"Hold on, Budsy!" he screamed. "Don't shove her out yet. Let *me* see."

"Do *oo* want to dit in?" asked the simple giant, not in the least suspecting Tommy's intentions.

"Yes," replied Tommy, overjoyed. "Let me sail her for you. I know how to work boats."

The sloop was already in the water, her stern held fast between Budsy's thumb and finger, and her bows pointing toward the open sea. Tommy never minded wetting himself, but dashed knee-deep through the ripples and clambered aboard. Then, to his great disgust, he saw that there was a rope fast to the taffrail, and that the baby-giant held the other end of the rope in his hand, evidently for the purpose of keeping his boat from going to sea. Of course he proposed to cut it, but Budsy shook his big head, and said:

"No, I shall loss it."

"Oh, *cut it!*" begged Tommy, with tears in his eyes. "You cut it, and see what 'll happen. I can sail boats like anything."

He really felt ashamed of himself, however, as he thought of what he meant to do, and looked up in Budsy's great fat face, and noted its simple, innocent expression, mixed with anxiety.

"I haint dot no knife," explained the boy giant.

"Well, break it then," ordered Tommy.

So Budsy broke the rope with his fingers, giving the boat an awful shake in the effort, and sending Tommy flat on his face. Then, giggling at his success, he put his wet thumb against the stern, and shoved the little vessel into deep water.

"Look out!" roared Tommy, who had nearly rolled overboard;—"that 's all right," he added,

as he seized the tiller and gave it a turn. In another minute the wind caught the clumsy mainsail, and the boat began to fly through the foamy surges. Tommy saw his father's ship standing along the shore, not more than a mile away, and felt sure that he would now get clear of the land of the giants.

"Good-bye, Budsy!" he called. "Don't cry, old fellow. I 'll send your boat back to you."

But Budsy did cry. He seemed to realize all at once that his playfellow and plaything were leaving him, and he set up such a roar of grief that Tommy's heart fairly ached to hear it. Moreover, he waded knee-deep into the water, holding up his frock with one hand, and pointing with the other after his boat, while tears swashed down his red cheeks and splashed into the ocean.

Well, Tommy at last reached the ship in safety, and then started the giant's boat back to him. The last seen of it was that Budsy had got it in his arms and was toddling back to the baby-wagon with it, his great big tears, let us hope, all dried.

Such was the adventure of Thomas Feathercap in Giant Land. It was of great use to him in the struggles and trials of his after life. Whenever he met a trouble of more than ordinary magnitude, and it seemed to him that his strength must fail at the bare sight of it, he would say to himself: "Well, I have learned by experience that some giants are babies, and can be handled."



ONSIDER, now, a painter-man who thought himself divine,—
Correggio Delmonico del Michael Angeline;
"Fine portrait-painting done within," was printed on his sign,
And all around his studio his works hung in a line.

When he painted little boys, he said: "How plainly I can see,
I am such a mighty lion that they 're afraid of me!"
And when he painted little girls,—"Dear little things!" said he,
"They 're shy because I awe them with my grace and dignity."

"T is wonderful," he oft remarked, "the colors that I know;
The sky is green, the grass is red, and blue the roses blow;
And yet the people look amazed whene'er I paint them so,
And seem to think that higher yet an artist ought to go!"

Well, it was strange, it came to pass that men took down the sign;
For never one would take away, for pay, his pictures fine.
And that is all I know of one who thought himself divine,—
Correggio Delmonico del Michael Angeline.

AN AMERICAN KING DAVID.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WHEN the Spaniards, under the famous Cortés, came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by a people very different from our North-American Indians.

They had cities, palaces and temples, which astonished the Europeans by their riches and magnificence; and they were governed by monarchs who lived in Oriental luxury. In some of the arts of civilization they excelled the Spaniards themselves. They had a knowledge of astronomy, and Cortés found their method of reckoning time—making allowance for the fraction of a day over the three hundred and sixty-five days in each year—more exact than the Christian calendar. They had vast farm-lands watered by artificial means; and their beautiful gardens gave Europe a lesson in horticulture. On the lakes about the city of Mexico were floating gardens, formed of rafts covered with rich mud from the lake bottom, and glowing with the luxuriant flowers and fruits of the tropics,—the wonder of the Spaniards.

They were skilled in the arts of war, as well as in those of peace. They had bows and arrows, and lances, and other weapons; and their generals knew something of stratagem, and of the wielding of great armies. But they knew nothing of powder or guns, and they had no horses. So, when the Spaniards came with their loud-roaring artillery and musketry, and mounted men who seemed a part of the strange beasts they managed, the natives, though they fought desperately for a while, gave way at last, and we have the romantic story of a numerous and powerful people conquered by a mere handful of Spanish troops!

The most enlightened of all the tribes then inhabiting the country were the Tezcucans. Tezcuco, the capital of their country, was on the eastern side of the lake of Tezcuco, near the western side of which was Mexico, the capital of the renowned Aztec emperor, Montezuma. The Tezcucans and the Aztecs were confederates in war; and, if left to themselves, they would probably have become one nation, in the course of time extending their sway over all the races of North America. But the swelling wave of native civilization was met by a mightier wave from the Old World, and the spirit and power of these extraordinary people sank, never to rise again. In the sad and broken-spirited Mexican Indians of to-day, one fails to recognize the children of the warlike and

industrious tribes whom the Spaniards came to plunder and to convert to their own religion.

About a hundred years before the coming of Cortés, lived a Texcucan prince whose history has a peculiar interest, from its striking resemblance to that of the Hebrew King David. His name is a hard one, but by dividing it into double syllables we may master it,—Neza-hual-coyotl. In his youth, like David, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burned before princes, and concealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets, and lived on wild fruits, occasionally showing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their prince at the peril of their own lives. Once, when closely pursued, passing a girl who was reaping in a field, he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting; she did so, and when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time, he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war-drum, about which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

“Would you not deliver up your prince if he came in your way?” he once asked a young country-fellow, to whom his person was unknown.

“Never!” replied the peasant.

“Not for a fair lady’s hand and a great fortune?” said the prince.

“Not for all the world!” was the answer.

The prince, who was rightful heir to the throne, grew every day in the favor of the people, and at last he found himself at the head of an army, while the bad king was more and more detested. A battle was fought, the usurper’s forces were routed, and he was afterward slain. The prince, who so lately fled for his life, was now proclaimed king.

He at once set about reforming abuses, and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the encouragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary compositions (for these people had a sort of picture-writing), and he was himself a poet, like King David.

His poems, some of which have been preserved and translated, were generally of a religious character. His favorite themes were the vanity of human greatness, praise of the Unknown God, and the blessings of the future life for such as do good in this. The Tezcucans, like the Aztecs, were idolators, who indulged in the horrid rites of human sacrifice to their awful deities; but this wise and good king detested such things, and endeavored to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that, above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen Spirit, who was the one God.

The king used to disguise himself, and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how his laws were administered, and what was thought of his government. On one such occasion, he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

"Why don't you go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch.

"Ah!" cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the king, and he would have me killed if I should take his wood; for that is the law."

"Is he so hard a man as that?"

"Aye, that he is,—a very hard man, indeed, who denies his people what God has given them!"

"It is a bad law," said the king; "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you; go into the forest, and help yourself to sticks."

"Not I!" exclaimed the boy.

"You are afraid some one will come and find you? But I will keep watch for you," urged the king.

"Will you take the punishment in my place, if I chance to get caught? No, no!" cried the boy, shrewdly shaking his head, "I should risk my life if I took the king's wood."

"But I tell you it will be no risk," said the king. "I will protect you; go and get some wood."

Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face.

"I believe you are a traitor," he cried,—"an enemy of the king! or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall show respect to the laws, though they are bad."

The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his load of fuel.

The next day, his parents were astonished to receive a summons to appear with their son before the

king. As they went tremblingly into his presence, the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

"If that be the king," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks, all!"

But the king descended from his throne, and smilingly said:

"Come here, my son! Come here, good people both! Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. So I sent for you, good people, to tell you what a true and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed, so that poor people can go anywhere into the king's forests, and gather the wood they find on the ground."

He then dismissed the lad and his parents with handsome presents, which made them rich for the remainder of their lives.

A descendant of this king, who many years after wrote in Spanish a history of his reign,* has related many other interesting anecdotes of him. These are not all to his credit, and he certainly was not a perfect prince. The following anecdote, however, narrated by the writer I have mentioned, makes us think of another incident in the history of King David:

Once, seeing a beautiful maiden, Neza-hual-coyotl fell violently in love with her, and asked who she was. He learned that she was of high rank, and betrothed to a lord of the country, at whose house he had seen her. He immediately ordered the destined husband to be given the command of an army, and to be sent on a warlike expedition. At the same time he secretly told two Tezcucan chiefs to manage that the general should be brought into the thickest of the fight. Everything happened as he wished, and his rival—like Uriah in the front of the battle—was slain. The king afterward wooed the maiden, who, unaware of his base conduct, became his wife.

This one great crime leaves a blot upon his character and darkens his memory. But living as he did in an age filled with all kinds of cruelty and superstition, this monarch of a half-civilized race displayed some virtues that were rare enough in those days. And while our boys and girls are taught to read the histories of many an Old-World prince and monarch far more barbarous than he, they need not neglect the story of the Indian king Neza-hual-coyotl, our American King David.

* See Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Book I, Chapter vi.



WATCHING FOR AN OTTER.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

WHEN I was about fifteen years of age and my brother somewhat younger, we one day had the good luck to discover in our wild-wood rambles, an otter slide.

What is an otter slide? It is a smooth place, like a path, made down a steep bank of a river, by means of which the otter slides from the top of the bank down into the water. The otter everywhere is a great coaster, and often goes sliding down muddy or icy slopes, for no other reason that I know of than simply because he likes the sport. But it sometimes proves very unlucky fun, for hunters set their traps just at the bottom, and the otter slides quietly into a prison, almost without knowing it. If you have never seen an otter I would say to you that it is an animal whose

appearance is about half-way between that of a musk-rat and that of a beaver. It is sometimes four and a half feet long, from the nose to the end of the tail, but, of this length, the tail measures eighteen inches or so. The otter has very small bright eyes, a long neck, short, fat legs, webbed feet, and a tail round above but flat beneath. Its fur is brown and soft and sometimes quite valuable, and is used extensively for caps and gloves.

The slide of which I have spoken was on the south bank of the Saliquoy, a little river of North Georgia, at a point where the high bluffs which overhang the stream are thickly fringed with dwarf cedar-trees.

My brother and I were hunting among these cedars for a tree which would make good bow

staves, and had clambered somewhat down the almost perpendicular wall of the bluff on the north bank, when, glancing across the stream, we both saw the otter go rapidly down its slide into the water.

We looked at each other quickly, our faces all aglow with delight and surprise.

"Was n't he a big one?" said Will.

"I should say so," said I. "We must try to get him. His pelt is worth having."

"If I had only seen him before he moved," Will ruefully remarked, stringing his bow as he spoke and lifting an arrow from his quiver.

But it was too late to think of shooting now, for the otter was under the water and in his hole long ago.

Perhaps you wonder how this animal could have its den under water. I will explain. The otter is what naturalists call an aquatic animal. Its principal food is fish. So it digs a hole in a stream's bank below the water and runs it up till it finds a dry place for its bed. Sometimes it has two entrances to this den, one under and one above the water. The otter is a great thief, always on the lookout to rob the traps and nets of fishermen. I myself have occasionally seen one swimming along with his head above water and in his mouth a big fish, just stolen from a net.

No sooner had Will and I discovered the otter-slide, than we fell to laying plans for capturing the animal; and the result of our talk was that we brought up our little canoe and anchored it under the bluff right opposite to the slide, and then proceeded to build a screen of cedar-brush, behind which we could hide and watch for our game. However, we determined not to be idle while waiting; so we took with us our Greek and Latin books, and made up our minds to study the lessons our teachers had set; for, although we had plenty of time allowed us for hunting and fishing and wandering about the woods, we made it a habit to study during every moment we could spare from sport.

But the otter was an old, wise fellow who did not care to expose himself to arrows. We watched for him day after day, for hours at a time; all in vain. No doubt this seems to you very poor pastime. So it would have been had we not brought our books with us. But nothing could be jollier than lying there in our canoe with the fragrant cedar-boughs above and the water under us, rocking gently with the motion of the waves, reading good stories or studying the Latin and Greek lessons, while any moment we might chance to get a shot at the otter. Sometimes a swift-flying duck would dart past us making its wings fairly whistle through the air. A big spotted water-snake often swam

back and forth across the stream near us, and a huge turtle would crawl out of the water and lie on a bowlder to sun himself. The stream was well stocked with bass and other game fish, the former occasionally leaping clear above the surface of the water. Beautiful gay-winged dragon-flies sailed past us with a peculiar wavering motion, as if trying to imitate the flowing of the lazy ripples on the river.

Once in a great while a mountaineer would paddle down the gentle current in his curiously carved pirogue, or, as he would call it, "dug-out," which is a canoe cut out of the bole of a large tree, usually, in that region, a tulip-tree. These mountaineers were mostly poor, honest fellows who lived partly by hunting and partly by tending small farms in the little dells, or mountain "pockets," as they are called; and I believe that every one of them, that ever I saw, carried a long rifle with old-fashioned flint lock.

We watched very diligently for the otter, and finally one evening we saw him come to the surface of the water and swim to the bank near his slide. The river, at this point, was about twenty-five yards wide. We each selected a keen-pointed arrow and prepared to shoot. You should have seen how strongly and steadily we drew our good bows! When we let go our arrows, our strings went so nearly at the same instant that they made but one sound. "Whack," went our arrows, but not into the otter. We shot on each side of him. He was terribly frightened. He popped up on his hind legs and glared first at one arrow and then at the other. We hurried and shot again. My arrow fell short and Will's flew straight over the otter's head. He now seemed to come suddenly to himself, for he plunged into the water with a great splash and disappeared. We consoled ourselves with talking about how close we came to hitting him, and how we would be sure to do better next time, when we would not feel quite so flurried. But we saw him no more that day nor the next, though we watched with the greatest care. And, at last, in spite of all our hope and determination, we began to fear that we were doomed to a grievous disappointment.

One day, while we were lying at full length in our boat, an old hump-shouldered man in a miserable, rotten-looking canoe, came down the river at a slow rate looking sharply about. He had a gun and a dozen or so of steel traps lying carelessly in his boat, also two dead minks and three or four musk-rats.

"Hello!" said he to us. "What ye doin' 'ere?"

"Watching for an otter," said Will.

"Where's any otter?" he asked.

"Over there," replied Will, pointing to the slide. The old fellow squinted his eyes and looked across the river.

"Ye-e-s," he drawled, "thar 's a slide, right sartin."

He paddled over and examined the slide for a few minutes, but he did not say anything; and it was not long before he had pulled away out of sight down the river.

We kept up our watch every day, feeling sure that if we could only have another shot at the otter he would be ours. But not another glimpse of him—not even a trace—did we get.

"What upon airth are ye doin' thar?" he inquired, his eyes twinkling under their bushy brows.

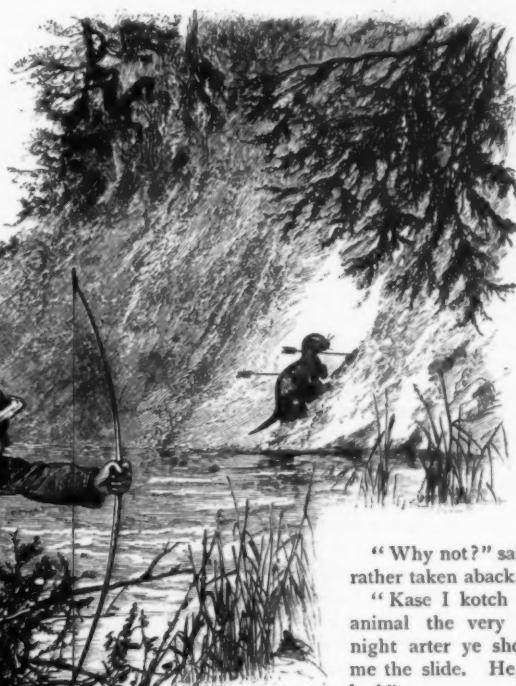
"We are watching for our otter," said Will.

"Our otter," muttered the old fellow, "our otter! He, he, he, he! Mebbe it is *your* otter; but you 'll never set them 'ere eyes onto *your* otter ag'in."



"WE SHOT ON EACH SIDE OF HIM."

One morning, the old trapper came along again. This time he had five minks. He stopped his skiff in the middle of the stream, and looked at us so queerly that we could not keep from smiling.



"Why not?" said I, rather taken aback.

"Kase I kotch that animal the very next night arter ye showed me the slide. He, he, he!"

Will and I looked at each other. We felt badly put out. We did not care to talk with the old man any more. He looked to us a good deal like a thief. He laughed all to himself in a quiet, satisfied way as he paddled on down the stream.

"That pelt war wo'th six dollars," he muttered, "an' I was boun' to hev it, ye see."

We took down our blind of cedar-boughs, drew up our little anchor, and paddled away, feeling too disappointed to talk much.

But, after all, the old trapper no doubt needed the otter's skin much more than we did, and so it all turned out right.

One thing was sure: we had made good progress with our Greek and Latin lessons, meanwhile.

CHRISTMAS AT NUMBER ONE, CRAWLIN PLACE.

BY SARGENT FLINT.



OST certainly, Number One, Crawlin Place, was a dingy abode at any time, but as Carol came in sight of it, one bright afternoon a few days before Christmas, with his mind full of much pleasanter places, he gave a little sigh of disapproval, and muttered, not gloomily, but honestly, as if he had been called upon suddenly to compare it candidly with brighter places he had seen :

"It looks meaner than ever!"

A ray from the sun as he looked up at No. 1, seemed to contradict him, for it fell brightly upon a window in the fourth story and lighted it up wonderfully; or was it the bright, deep-set eyes of old Aunt Kizzy, as she looked down and nodded cheerfully? However that may be, little Carol forgot that Crawlin Place was dingy as he darted up the old stairs. The faded face of Aunt Kizzy, her bright eyes and worn wig, were a part of his home; and when Christmas is near, home is dearer than any other place in the world, if it *is* dingy. Besides, Carol—but let him tell his own secrets.

"Darn up the old stocking I saw dangling on the line, Aunt Kizzy," he cried, as he came breathlessly up to the window where the old lady sat.

"I'll make it strong enough to hold up two cents' worth of snuff," she said, cheerily.

"I feel sure this will be a lucky Christmas," said Carol. "I saw three stars shoot last night—a star apiece for us, Aunt Kizzy. Now quick,—before mother comes,—count that, please!"

"Massy! massy! Where did you get it, child?" as the coppers and bits of silver fell into her lap. "You aint—"

"All right, Aunt Kizzy. Good, honest money. For mother's present. You go buy it, for I must get more or there can't be any snuff."

She caught him by his worn jacket as he was flying past the door, and sat him down in the old rocking-chair.

"Sit there, sir, and tell me where you got this money! A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing."

"I wont tell."

Aunt Kizzy's back became very stiff and she handed him back the money.

"It's all right," he said, impatiently, waving away her extended hand. "But if you must

know," dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, "*I sang for it!*"

"Where, child?"

"In the street."

"Like a beggar?"

"No, not quite. I did n't ask for money; they gave it to me."

"What did you sing, you scamp, you?" said Aunt Kizzy, forgetting her point in her curiosity.

"I sang every song I knew—even the one you sang to me the other night."

"Where? Anywhere about here?"

"No; away up-town where the big folks live."

"Don't you do it again."

"I have promised Santa Claus two cents' worth of snuff for an old lady who hangs up black stockings."

"She can't have it."

"She must."

Aunt Kizzy dropped the money slowly, piece by piece, into her lap.

"Seventy cents, Carol!"

"Get anything you feel sure she 'll like," he whispered in her ear, and darted away.

"Seventy cents! Well, well, well! may be you're not ashamed of your want o' faith, old Kizzy Hopkins! No good comes o' twitting, so I'll only say, faith's a good thing always. Now step along, and see what you can buy. Seventy cents! And ten away down in your pocket for *him*, that he could n't see. No, you can't get much for ten cents, but start out and do your best. Straighten your wig, old Kizzy; count up your change and don't go out with envious feelings in your heart because other old women carry heavier purses! Seventy cents and ten is eighty; eighty cents aint to be sneezed at. Did n't you expect to have to start out with only ten? You know you did! Then why not look a little cheerful?"

This remark was evidently addressed to the faded, patient face that looked out at her from the small looking-glass. But Carol's mother heard.

"Don't dare find fault with that woman in the glass!" said she, coming in and smoothing the rusty black ribbon on the worn-out bonnet.

"She's orful ungrateful, Car'line. Instead of bein' thankful for a bonnet to cover her old wig, she's wishing for a veil to hide her old bonnet."

"The more people have, the more they want, Aunt Kizzy. But where are you going?"

"After Christmas presents," said Aunt Kizzy, proudly. "Good-bye!"

"There is a dear, strong heart under that old shawl," said Caroline, as Aunt Kizzy turned the dismal corner.

"Only ten cents for both of 'em," muttered the old woman, as she left the narrow street. "That boy is off trying to get something for me. Aint you ashamed of yourself, Kizzy H?" she continued, falling into her favorite mode of addressing herself, which she called giving a dose to her pride. "Think of the times you might have earned a little, if you had n't been so proud!"

"I would do anything now," she forced her pride to say.

"No doubt you would," she returned, severely. "Come in at the 'leventh hour and take what you could find."

"I would do anything in the world that I could that was honest," said her pride, humbled now to the very dust of self-reproach.

"Would you sing for money?"

Aunt Kizzy said this abruptly, almost triumphantly, as if she had proved her pride now, and found it nothing but a vain boaster. A little red spot was burning in each faded cheek.

She had left Crawlin Place far behind her. The houses she now saw were beginning to wear a very well-to-do look. On she walked until the streets grew wide and the houses very fine.

What a contrast to Crawlin Place!

"If you get envious, back you 'll go, Kizzy H., without a chance for present-money!"

This was probably addressed to another weak spot in poor Aunt Kizzy's make-up.

She went on without an idea where to stop. A house with the curtains up attracted her attention.

"Massy!" she exclaimed, as she looked in the window. "They must be made of gold and silver in there!"

She walked up the steps and rang the bell.

"If you please, miss," she began, as the door opened.

"Back gate for beggars," said the servant, shortly.

With a choking feeling in her throat, Aunt Kizzy stood staring at the closed door.

"You can't stare money enough out of a shut door to fill a stocking, unless a miracle takes place, Kizzy H," she said cheerfully, as she went down the grand steps.

House after house was passed before another struck her fancy.

"Don't look quite so grand as t' other," she said, as she looked in at a window. "There's a pictur o' Christ blessing little children. It makes me feel orful old. Dear little creeters! I don't

believe the grand brass images and flumjacks have pushed everything good out of this place."

And she went up the high steps. As her hand touched the bell, a light step was heard behind her, and a pleasant voice said: "Whom did you wish to see?"

"I came,"—Aunt Kizzy's voice was a little unsteady,—"I—I came to ask if any of the ladies here would—would like to hear a little old-fashioned singing."

"I certainly should," said the young lady, pleasantly; "and I'm sure grandmamma would."

"Open your eyes and take in all the style, old Kiz, to tell Car'line," said the old woman to herself, as they walked up the broad handsome stairs. But when she found herself actually standing before a sofa, where lay a proud-looking old lady, she forgot "Car'line," and almost her errand.

"She is going to sing us some old-fashioned music," explained the young lady, as her grandmother stared at them both.

Aunt Kizzy closed her old hands nervously together, but though she pressed them very hard, no song came to her mind. What would they think of her! Her breath came in little gasps, and the red spots brightened in her cheeks.

"Sit down and rest yourself a little while," said the young lady, kindly. "I brought you up too many stairs for you to sing right away."

"There was n't so many stairs, miss, as there 's been years since I sung afore folks," said Aunt Kizzy, then adding mentally, "Don't act like a fool if you've got common sense, Kizzy H.!"

She stood respectfully before them, and in a voice, not by any means to be despised, sang a simple ballad of "ye olden time."

"Can you sing another?" asked the young lady, as the last note died away.

"I don't wish another yet," said her grandmother. "I want the same again."

Aunt Kizzy's heart beat joyfully. She had forgotten money; there was happiness in the thought of being able to give pleasure. She sang until her old voice sounded weary, and they declared she should sing no more. The young lady gave her a dollar.

"Too much," said Aunt Kizzy, firmly. "I sang ten songs, and two cents apiece is high enough to reckon 'em."

"A dollar for a good concert is cheap enough, and I have not enjoyed one so much for many a day, madam."

"If you insist on it, I can't help it," said Aunt Kizzy, with shining eyes, as she thought of Carol's stocking.

"I do not consider that I half pay for my pleasure," said the young lady's grandmother, as with

old-school dignity she placed five dollars in Aunt Kizzy's hand.

"I could n't sleep to-night if I took that!" she cried. "Don't make me think I'm dreaming now, and I'll wake up without a cent for Carol's stockin'."

She held out the money to the young lady, who took it, saying:

"You shall not be overpaid, but let me give you a muff; your hands will be cold going home. This is an old one, but it is warm, and here are some pieces of silk for a new lining."

"Tell me all about it!" cried Carol, on Christmas morning as he stood with a full stocking by the fire-place in the little sitting-room on the fourth story of Number One, Crawlin Place.

"I wont."

"Sit right there, Aunt Kizzy, till you tell me where you got so much money. 'A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing!'"

"Well," in a whisper, "if you must know, boy, *I sang for it.*"

"Sang for it!" Carol's surprise was as genuine as Aunt Kizzy's had been, but he recovered himself and said: "Like a beggar?"

"No," said Aunt Kizzy, demurely. "I did n't ask for money; they gave it to me without."

"Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call this a lucky Christmas?" said Carol, as he pulled on new boots, while Aunt Kizzy, with a new bonnet on, took snuff extravagantly, and his mother stood with her hands in the muff.

"Nothin' to do with luck," said Aunt Kizzy. "We worked for something and 't aint sense to expect when you work for something that you 'll get n-othin'." With a merry jerk she pulled out a pair of warm gloves from the long black stocking. "Cast your bread upon the waters, old Kizzy H. Give Carline an old muff, and get new gloves from Santa Claus!"

"I shall not allow you to give me this muff," said Carline. "It is just what you have wanted for so long; and a new lining will make it just as good as ever."

"Massy, Carline! the silk for it is in my pocket. Plenty of it you see." As she unrolled it, she gasped: "Carol, hand me the campfire bottle!" for, carefully folded in the little bundle of pieces, lay the rejected five-dollar bill.

"It must be a mistake," said Carol's mother.

"Of course I shall take it back, Carline."

"If it makes you feel so sick, Aunt Kizzy H., I will take it, and you shall never see it again," said Carol, kindly.

"It was n't a mistake, though, Carline."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I tell you how it was; I did something for—for two ladies away up town, and they offered me that bill, and I would n't lay a finger to it, and that pretty creeter put it in the silk; but I'll take it back, I'll take it back!"

"Come now, Aunt Kizzy," said Carol, laughing, "bet you can't tell what street it was."

"Hey?" said the old woman with a blank expression on her pale face. "Massy, if I know any more than a old woman led by a dog!"

Carol's mother touched Aunt Kizzy's arm.

"Tell me, Aunt, how you earned the money."

"I did what Carol did."

"What did he do?"

"There's your stockin' just burstin' to see you, Carline. Why don't you go 'tend to it?"

"You care more for the stocking than for me, Aunt Kizzy, for I am in almost as sad a state."

"Would you tell, Carol?"

He grinned and said:

"Make her tell first how she got hers."

"I'd just as soon tell," said his mother. "I wish I had the chance every day. *I sang for it.*"

For a full minute, Aunt Kizzy and Carol stared at each other, and then exclaimed as if they had but one mind between them: "Like a beggar?"

"Oh no," said Caroline, laughing. "I did n't ask for anything, but they gave me something. I sang last Sunday in church."

"Carol," whispered Aunt Kizzy, "is my head on?"

"Looks to be. Is mine?"

"You have something on that looks like a head. Is my wig straight?"

"Straight as usual, Miss Hopkins. How's mine?"

"Pears to have the right pitch, boy, so let's tune up. Here's faith for the future forever!" and three grateful voices rang out clearly with a song of praise to Him, who, in sending His Christmas blessings down, forgot not even so humble a spot as Number One, Crawlin Place.



THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

By M. K. B.

FOUR little sunbeams came earthward one day,
 Shining and dancing along on their way,
 Resolved that their course should be blest.
 "Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
 Not seek our own pleasure all the day through,
 Then meet in the eve at the west."



One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door
 And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
 Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
 And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
 The little hands grasping in vain for the light
 That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
 And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
 Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
 Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
 And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
 Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone
Not sharing the mirth of her play-fellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.



At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"—
Then softly they sank to their rest.

PAUL AND THE GOBLIN.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

THERE was once upon a time a young man named Paul, who lived in an old city on the Rhine. Paul was the son of a laborer, and had learned the trade of a stone-mason; but at odd times he read all the books he could lay his hands on, until at last he knew all about working in wood and marble, and his neighbors would point after him and say with a laugh, "There goes Paul, the master workman!"

Paul saw that their laughter was good-natured; but, for all that, they were laughing at him, and he longed to show them that he really was a master of his business. He had another reason also for getting on in the world if he could. He was very much in love with a young girl named Phenie; but her parents were well to do, and would not hear of her marrying a poor laborer. So Paul resolved to take the first opportunity to show his skill; and one day, when he heard that a great church in the Lombardic style was to be built in his native town, he thought, "Oh! if I could only be employed, I would build the church, and that would make my fortune!" But he was too poor. People were beginning to have a high opinion of him by this time, and might be willing to intrust the work to him, perhaps; but how could he pay the workmen from week to week as the building went on? Paul was sitting in his poor garret one night, by the light of a single candle, thinking over these matters in a mournful way, when suddenly he heard a low voice, like the tinkling of a small bell, say:

"What's the matter, Paul?"

Paul started and looked up, for his eyes had been fixed sadly upon the floor.

"Here I am; don't you see me?" said the tinkling voice. And there, sitting cross-legged on the top of the old rusty extinguisher of the candlestick, was a small odd-looking figure of an old man, with long hair and a wide, laughing mouth, with a purple cloak falling from his shoulders, a tall, peaked hat on his head, and shoes with high red heels.

"Who—who are you?" Paul stammered in great surprise.

"I am the King of the Goblins," said the small figure, "and I have come to help you. Do you remember the Elm-tree Quarry, where the workmen were hewing out rocks one day, and how you showed them a better quarry, and they went away? Well, my royal palace was behind the Elm-tree Quarry in the mountain, and you prevented it from

being discovered. So I'm your friend, Paul. You shall build the great Lombardic church."

Paul started with delight.

"And you shall marry Phenie."

"Oh! your Royal Highness!" exclaimed the young man.

"I mean what I say," continued the King of the Goblins, winking his eyes several times, which seemed to be a habit with him. "I know all about you, Paul; you have plenty of brains, but no money, like many other people I have known. Send to the burgomasters your application for building the church, and get together your workmen. It's all right; and be sure to engage old Marmorel the sculptor to do the fine carving in stone."

"Marmorel, your Highness! Why, Marmorel has stopped work; he has lost his right arm!"

"Don't be a fool, Paul," said the Goblin, "but do as I direct."

"Yes,—oh yes,—I will, your Highness!" exclaimed poor Paul, lost in wonder.

"And now for the gold to pay your workmen, Paul. Here is a purse which you need n't be afraid of emptying. As soon as you get to the bottom of it, it will be full again."

"Full again, your Highness?" Paul exclaimed.

"Don't be bandying words with me, young man!" said the King of the Goblins, with lofty dignity. "Obey my orders, and all will go well. Send in your paper to the burgomasters early tomorrow, and engage your workmen, particularly old Marmorel."

"Oh yes,—certainly,—at once,—immediately, your Highness!" Paul cried.

"That is well," said the Goblin. "And now, good-night; I have business to attend to before morning."

Having said this in his little tinkling voice, the goblin slid down from the extinguisher, and placing his heels together, made Paul a polite bow. He then bounded from the table, lit upon the floor, and walked on his high red heels out of the room.

II.

ON the very next morning, Paul sent in his application to the burgomasters in fear and trembling; but, to his great astonishment, they at once sent for him, and after asking him a few questions, and looking over his plans again, they told him that they had made up their minds to close the bargain with him for building their great Lombardic church.

Paul knew very well that this was the work of the King of the Goblins. He rushed out of the burgomasters' room and hurried off to collect his workmen. They came at his call, for everybody liked the young man and had confidence in him; and very soon the foundation for the church was dug and the walls began to rise.

Nobody had ever seen work go on so quickly. The workmen ready and willing Paul paid by every magic full

were for them prompt-week from his purse, which was of gold again as soon as it was emptied; and no sooner was a pickax lifted, than a thousand arms seemed to hurl it into the earth. The shovelfuls of dirt were thrown hundreds of feet away, the large blocks of stone leaped to their places, and Phenie, the young girl Paul loved so dearly, would often come and visit him whilst he was overlooking his workmen. At these times, Paul would perhaps feel something pulling at the skirts of his coat. He knew it was the King of the Goblins, and he would hold his hand out, and then a pair of small feet would light in it, and a burst of goblin laughter would be heard.

"Oh! what is that, Paul?" Phenie would exclaim. "Oh, me! something is tangled in my hair!"

She did not know it was only the goblin smoothing her curls.

At last the church was ready for the ornamental work, and old Marmorel, the one-armed carver, came and said, stroking his long white beard:

"Master Paul, you have sent for me to do the fine stone-carving on the front of your church, but how can I? It's many a long day since I handled a chisel. My good right arm is gone, master."

Paul heard a low tinkling voice at his ear, which said:

"Tell him there's nothing like trying, Paul."

"Marmorel," said the young man, "did you ever hear the saying, 'There's nothing like trying?' A chisel for the master stone-cutter!" he said to one of the workmen. It was brought and handed to old Marmorel, who laughed as he placed the edge of it against the marble. He had no sooner done so than a smart blow was struck on the wooden handle, and the splinters dashed from the stone on all sides.

"Come, old Marmorel!" Paul said, laughing, "You strike well with the arm you have lost! To work, Marmorel!"

Paul then walked away from the astonished old stone-cutter, but all at once he found himself face to face with a crowd of his workmen who had thrown down their tools and were coming toward him with loud murmurings.

"What is the meaning of this?"



"THE SHOVELFULS OF DIRT WERE THROWN HUNDREDS OF FEET."

muttered Paul to himself, and feeling as if something was about to happen that would ruin him.

"The meaning is," said a low voice at his ear, "that the rascals are coming to complain of me!"

By this time, the workmen were close to him, and Paul said to the foremost of them:

"Well, Hans, what is the matter? Why do the men stop work before the hour?"

"They are frightened, master," said Hans, in a terrified voice; "something's wrong here."

"Something wrong!"

"The stones are jumping about like mad, master," said Hans. "They are bewitched and turn somersaults before our very eyes!"

"Nonsense, Hans," said Paul.

"Tell him he is a fool, Paul," said the tinkling voice.

"And the men going up the ladders with the mortar," Hans went on, "say something pushes them and voices scream in their ears, 'Faster! faster!'"

"It was I!" whispered the small voice nearly smothered in laughter.

"It's true, master," said Hans, "and the burgomasters have heard the report, and come to see about it. They sent me to summon you to their presence."

Paul's heart sank at these words, and he said:

"Where are they, Hans?"

"On top of the church, master, where the great scaffolding is."

"Fear nothing, Paul," the voice said; "go and face them. I will be there."

So Paul, in fear and trembling, went up the ladder and stood in presence of the fat old burgomasters. As soon as he appeared before them, the biggest and roundest pulled down his waistcoat, cleared his throat, stepped grandly forward, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, we have come to investigate the strange reports in regard to the manner in which,—that is, the method adopted in the—construction and erection of this large and intelligent building which—hem—I see before me!"

Here the speaker puffed out his cheeks and awaited Paul's reply.

"Shall I throw that puffy old fellow down the ladder, Paul?" said a voice at his ear.

"Oh, no! no! Your Highness! you would ruin me!" exclaimed the young man.

"I am glad to see you are aware, sir," said the fat burgomaster, "of the respect due to me, as you address me as 'Your Highness'—very proper, sir; very proper!"

Paul bowed and said:

"I hope, and feel sure, the gentlemen burgomasters will not believe all they hear. These gossiping reports are—"

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THE FAT BURGOMASTER TAKES A CURIOUS RIDE.

"Gossiping reports, sir? Look at that trowel, sir!"

Paul turned round quickly and saw the silver trowel of the head mason quietly mortaring the stones without help from the workman.

"Your Highness!" murmured Paul to the invisible King of the Goblins, "if you desert me now, I am lost!"

"Never fear, Paul," said the voice.

"Do you see, sir?" cried the fat burgomaster, starting back as he spoke; "do you behold the extraordinary and highly improper and unbecoming conduct of that trowel, sir?"

Suddenly, the fat burgomaster jumped backward and nearly fell from the scaffolding. The silver trowel had leaped down, and, standing on its point, made him a low and respectful bow. It then rose

the ladder, down which he hastened, followed by the rest.

"That's the end of me!" Paul exclaimed.

"You are a goose!" said the voice. "Make the men a speech and tell them to go back to work."

Paul obeyed, and made the workmen a short speech; and they were so fond of him that they once more went to work.

"If the old fellows come to trouble you again, Paul, I'll fix 'em!" said the tinkling voice. "Courage, Paul; you shall marry Phenie yet!"

III.

PAUL took heart at this, and pushed the work on the church so ardently, that soon the whole was done excepting the top of the great spire. It was



THE DANCING TROWEL.

erect again, and bowed in turn to all present, after which it began to spin round on its point in a waltz. Never did anybody see a merrier or quicker waltz. The trowel spun so rapidly that you could hardly see it, and inch by inch it drew near the spot where the burgomasters were standing.

"Oh, Your Highness, I'm ruined!" Paul groaned.

"Hush your nonsense, Paul!" said the laughing voice.

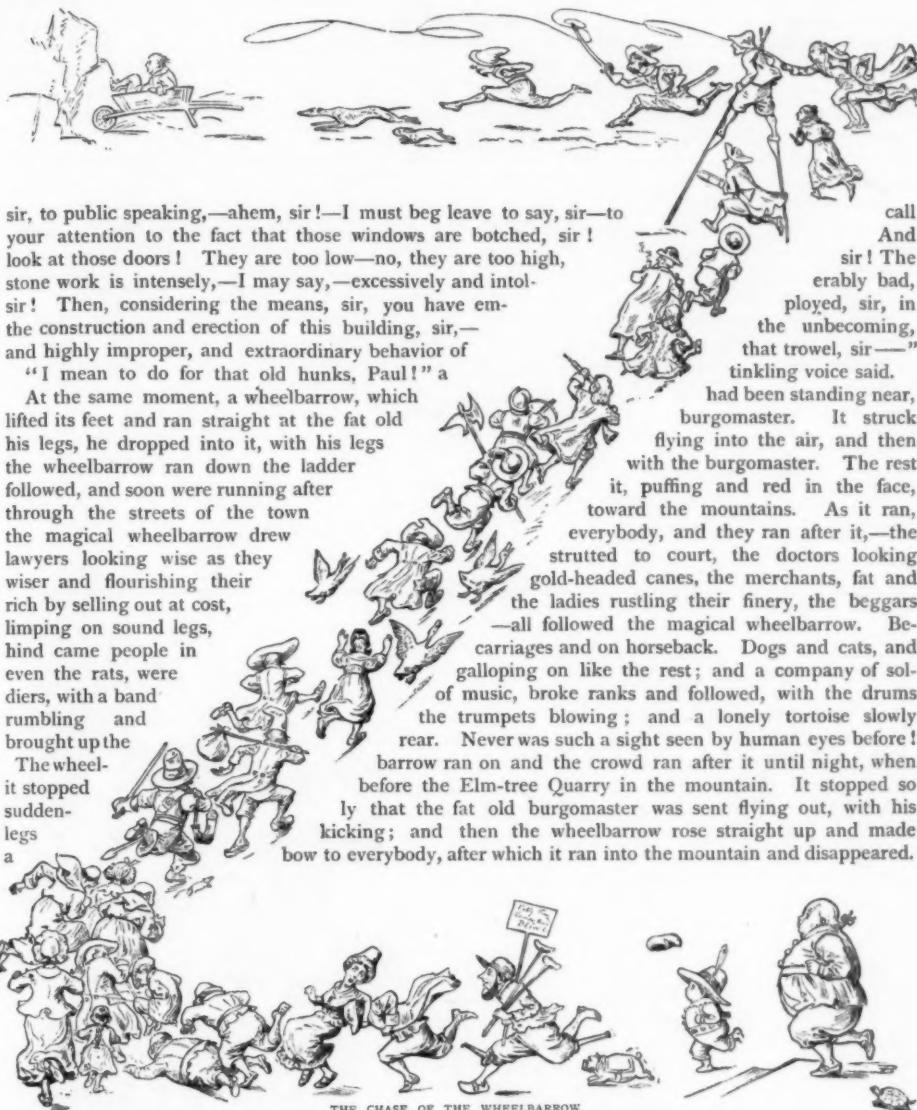
"But look, Your Highness!"

The fat burgomaster was rushing in terror toward

the most beautiful building that men's eyes ever rested upon. Old Marmorel and the goblins had cut the hard marble into delicate vines and flowers, like fine lace, and Paul and Phenie were standing on the roof in the red sunset, looking with delight on the towering spire.

Suddenly, steps were heard, and Paul looked round and saw the burgomasters approaching. In front was the fat old fellow who did the speaking, and he said to Paul:

"Ahem, sir!—ahem, sir! Unaccustomed as I am,



sir, to public speaking,—ahem, sir!—I must beg leave to say, sir—to your attention to the fact that those windows are botched, sir! look at those doors! They are too low—no, they are too high, stone work is intensely,—I may say,—excessively and intol-

sir! Then, considering the means, sir, you have em-

the construction and erection of this building, sir,—

and highly improper, and extraordinary behavior of

“I mean to do for that old hunk, Paul!” a

At the same moment, a wheelbarrow, which lifted its feet and ran straight at the fat old his legs, he dropped into it, with his legs the wheelbarrow ran down the ladder followed, and soon were running after through the streets of the town the magical wheelbarrow drew lawyers looking wise as they wiser and flourishing their rich by selling out at cost, limping on sound legs, hind came people in even the rats, were diers, with a band rumbling and brought up the

The wheel-
it stopped
sudden-
legs
a

call
And
sir! The
erably bad,
ployed, sir, in
the unbecoming,
that trowel, sir—”
tinkling voice said.

had been standing near,

burgomaster. It struck flying into the air, and then with the burgomaster. The rest it, puffing and red in the face, toward the mountains. As it ran, everybody, and they ran after it,—the strutted to court, the doctors looking gold-headed canes, the merchants, fat and the ladies rustling their finery, the beggars

—all followed the magical wheelbarrow. Be- carriages and on horseback. Dogs and cats, and galloping on like the rest; and a company of sol- of music, broke ranks and followed, with the drums the trumpets blowing; and a lonely tortoise slowly rear. Never was such a sight seen by human eyes before!

barrow ran on and the crowd ran after it until night, when before the Elm-tree Quarry in the mountain. It stopped so ly that the fat old burgomaster was sent flying out, with his kicking; and then the wheelbarrow rose straight up and made bow to everybody, after which it ran into the mountain and disappeared.

THE CHASE OF THE WHEELBARROW.

The people stared, rubbed their eyes, and went home without a word. On the next morning, when they met their neighbors, they laughed and jested about the odd dream they had had,—all about a magical wheelbarrow, and running after it to the mountain. Even the fat old burgomaster laughed heartily at the idea that *he* could really have been carried off in that way in a wheelbarrow; and, being in a very good humor, he went to look at the church.

The vast building was finished! and Paul and Phenie were again standing together upon the great roof. Seeing them there, the old burgomaster went up to them and shook hands with Paul.

"Why, bless my soul! what a grand spire that is, my young friend!" he exclaimed; "and the windows and doors and stone work,—they are perfection! Sir, your work is a magnificent and lasting and enduring,—an unparalleled and extraordinary triumph of the loftiest genius, sir! In the name of the respectable and enlightened city fathers, I beg, sir, to present you the freedom of your native city!"

Having conferred this high honor upon the young architect, the burgomaster made Paul a low bow and went down the ladder.

As he did so, a voice said:

"Kiss your bride, Paul!"

Paul caught young Phenie to his heart and kissed her, when the tinkling voice said:

"You shall marry her in this very church, my good Paul. You are now rich and famous, and you see that the King of the Goblins has not broken his word to you."

"Oh, thanks! thanks! how can I ever show my gratitude, Your Highness?" exclaimed Paul.

"By living honestly and uprightly and doing your duty, Paul. Shake hands!"

Suddenly Phenie screamed and started back. There before them, on the roof of the church, was the King of the Goblins, with his queer peaked hat, his purple robe, and his high-heeled shoes. He reached up his small hand, and Paul and Phenie shook it, though the young girl was trembling with fright.

"Make Paul a good wife, Phenie," said the goblin, winking his eyes rapidly; "and if you ever get into trouble, Paul, remember I'm your friend."

He then placed his red heels together, made a low and polite bow, and, with his hands on his hips, walked quietly off the eaves of the church and vanished.

Paul took the blushing young Phenie on his arm, and then they went home. They were soon afterward married in the great Lombardic church, and all the great people of the city came to the wedding. The young couple lived a very happy life, and Paul was successful in all his undertakings, becoming very rich and prosperous. He never got into trouble, however, as he was honest and upright; and for that reason he never saw the King of the Goblins again.



THE KING OF THE GOBLINS SAYS FAREWELL TO PAUL AND PHENIE.



MY "SUNFLOWER'S" FAN.

BY EMMA BRYAN.



ON'T imagine it was an actual sunflower. "Sunflower" is my pet name for a lovely little girl of my acquaintance who has a great many sisters but only one brother. Going one day to visit her mamma, I was greeted with outcries of "Such news for you! Aunt Maggie has come! Aunt Maggie has come from California, and oh! such lots of pretty things! Come and see!"

When I had been almost dragged upstairs to Mamma's room, I beheld my precious "Sunflower" standing alone in one corner waving a fan almost as large as herself. With the utmost dignity she waved me a salute, informing me that, when there was less noise, she would tell me "a *sto-wy* about it."

Alas for human plans! the "less noise" time seemed very far away. What wonder the children were wild with excitement while all those beautiful things lay scattered about! Such Chinese dolls, tiny shoes, delicate cups and saucers, carved frames, baskets and card-cases of ivory, such boxes, embroidered dresses, kites and fire-works, all brought by Aunt Maggie from San Francisco! The room looked like a Chinese museum, and every child seemed to think it her duty to explain the articles to me, as guest of the day.

Meantime, Netty, my Sunflower, stood in silent indignation, merely looking from one to another,

when they all informed me in a breath that the wonderful fan had been given to Netty by Aunt Maggie on condition that she should never play with it, but keep it until she should be a grown-up young lady.

Fortunately, Aunt Maggie herself now appeared on the scene, and, finally, quiet was secured by that traveled lady consenting to tell once more the "whole, whole Story of the Fan,—every bit of it." The children settled themselves comfortably upon the trunks. Netty climbed to my lap, still holding the precious treasure outspread, so that I might look at it while the story went on, and Aunt Maggie began:

"Once upon a time there were no silk dresses or ribbons in the whole world. Now, if you look at this fan you will see that all the figures have delicate porcelain faces, and are dressed in *real* silk dresses embroidered with gold thread.

"More than three thousand years ago the Emperor of China, whose queer name was Ho-ang-ti, received a visit from an old woman, who laid at his feet a great many small bundles, begging him to receive them from her granddaughter, who also had a queer name,—Su-ling-shi.

"Ordering his Grand Chamberlain to open the bundles, there appeared to his astonished gaze the most beautiful fabrics ever seen. He sent for the ladies of his household, for there was a dress for each, and you can imagine their delight. Demanding of the old woman the secret of her prize, she

gave this reply (first reverently naming several of the Emperor's many titles, as was the custom):

"Most Gracious Son of Heaven, Lord of the Earth, Light of the Empire, and King of the Golden Dragon, our Great Prophet Fo, says: 'What is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles off'; and also 'Give not away that which is not thine own.' The secret is not mine. The secret belongeth to my daughter and granddaughter.' And here the grandmother (who was not such a very old woman, as women marry very young in China) bowed her head nine times to the earth.

"The Emperor ordered a large sum of money to be presented to the woman, and with his own august hands gave her magnificent strings of pearls for her daughter and granddaughter. Also for the granddaughter he gave a golden badge of honor, bidding the grandmother bring the maiden before the next new moon, for he must know her secret, and should her words be straight words, he would honor her as never lowly maid was honored before.

"The heart of Su-ling-shi was filled with delight when she heard the words of her grandmother. Busily was her loom set to work that she might have a dress so magnificent for the occasion that the 'King of the Golden Dragon' might find pleasure in beholding her.

"The great day at length dawned, the heart of Su-ling-shi fluttered with fear and delight as—arrayed in dress of rose-pink silk and sky-blue tunic embroidered with gold, the pearls in her hair and golden badge upon her bosom—she approached with trembling footsteps his 'Fragrant Majesty,' whose subjects bend their foreheads to the ground, not daring to gaze upon him.

"Look on the fan," said Aunt Maggie: "you will see the Great King of the Dragon seated upon a chair which bears the sign of the dragon, the symbol of the Chinese Empire. His robe, sent him by Su-ling-shi, is of royal yellow silk, with a golden sun upon his breast and a royal peacock's feather in his cap.

"Next to him is the 'Grand Mandarin of the Household,' clothed in scarlet. The great Mandarin of War, General Hae-ling-ah, in scarlet robes and blue sash, stands with drawn sword to warn them that death is always the penalty of an untruth before the great Emperor.

"The grandmother, in dress of green silk with yellow collar, standing behind the general, advanced first, and bowing nine times to the ground, said: 'Know, Most Mighty King, that in my garden grows a mulberry tree, upon which I oftentimes noticed a worm that spun a ball for a house in which to live. These balls I often took within my dwelling, and I found that in a little time a moth crept out from each and flew away. I amused

La-See, my daughter, with the silken balls. This is all that I have done. "Siao te kin." It is very little. Let my daughter La-See speak.'

"Then the mother, whom you see next with the royal pearls in her hair and pink silk dress, bowed nine times, saying: 'Most Gracious Ten Thousand Years, whilst amusing myself watching the caterpillar, I found that its house or cocoon would unwind, and I used it as thread with which to embroider the fine muslin, "Woven Wind." Afterward, I taught my daughter to do the same. This, my Gracious King, is all that I have done. Let my daughter speak.'

"Then came Su-ling-shi, and, after nine bows, she proudly raised her head and said: 'If His Most Gracious Majesty and Light of the Empire will deign to cast his eyes upon these insects, he will see they are but common moths, which I here let fly from my hand. I followed the example of my wise parents (may they live a thousand years!), and saw that it was this insect which laid the eggs upon the mulberry tree, and which afterward became the *Bombyx mori*, or caterpillar. This fed upon the mulberry leaves thirty-two days, and, casting its skin four times, began to spin its cocoon, winding always the same way. My mother (may Fo bless her!) had learned to unwind the cocoon and had planted many trees. Thus it was, Most Mighty King, that I was enabled to gather many cocoons, and reeling the threads together, I hit upon the idea of weaving them. This, my Sovereign, is the cocoon, and in this roll you will find the result,—a piece of silk, which I hope may prove worthy of the acceptance of your Gracious Loftiness, to whom I surrender my knowledge.' And again she bowed her forehead to the ground.

"Behold a maiden possessed of all the virtues," said the Emperor. And then turning to her, he said: 'Rise, fair maid; such wisdom, such industry, and such beauty are worthy of an empire. Half my throne shall be thine.' And, taking the hand of the blushing Su-ling-shi, he seated her beside him.

"My lords," he continued, "prepare for the bridal ceremony. Summon the ladies of the court, and henceforth know our mother as the Princess La-See, and our grandmother as the Princess Sang. Honor them as such, and let the whole land know our Dragon will!"

"You will see on the fan," continued Aunt Maggie, "that the court ladies were not far off, and that their curiosity was great, for they were peeping. Of course, grandma congratulated herself on her shrewdness in presenting the silk to the Emperor instead of selling it to a merchant.

"The ingenious empress not only taught the ladies of her court how to raise the silk-worm, but

brought vast sums of money into her husband's treasury by selling the secret to the weavers, and for many hundreds of years these Chinese weavers carefully guarded the secret which only they possessed. At last a sly old European monk went to China, obtained the secret, and, stealing some cocoons, hid them in his hollow reed cane, and walked away, rejoicing all Europe by showing people how silk was made."

Aunt Maggie ceased. The children drew a long breath, and slid down from the high trunks to resume their parts as little show-women of the other pretty things Aunt Maggie had brought from California. Netty, with glowing cheeks, looked on, still placidly waving the great fan and wondering how soon she would grow to be a real "young lady."

The picture which ST. NICHOLAS has made for you, and which is printed on page 125, is an exact

copy, in pencil, of Netty's fan. The figures in this picture-copy had to be made very small, for the illustration to fit the magazine page, but, with a little careful study, you will be able to recognize the principal characters, especially as they are all to be found in the little central pavilion. Seated at the right side of it is the great Emperor, with a sun upon his breast, and before him, with a roll of silk in her hand, stands Su-ling-shi. The Mandarin of War, with drawn sword, stands beside her (in the very center of the fan), and at his left is the Grandmother, with her queer head-dress. Of course, the coloring could not be shown you, but if you will remember that the whole scene in the body of the fan is—in the fan itself—made up of many gorgeous and varied colors, and that the vanes of the fan are all gilded, you can easily imagine from this drawing what a beautiful present Aunt Maggie's was.



THERE was an old man of Cathay;
When a peddler called round, he would say:
"The price *is* quite low,
And I'd like it, you know—
But I think I won't take it to-day."



"THE ELEPHANTS TURNED, AND, WITH TOSING TRUNKS, PLUNGED OVER THE LOW PARAPET."

HOW THE ELEPHANTS TURNED BACK.

A LONG time ago, two hundred and seventeen years before Christ, there was a king of Egypt, Ptolemy the Fourth, who was returning, proud and victorious, from a war with his enemies. On his way home, he passed through Jerusalem; and there, feeling that such a mighty conqueror had a right to go where he pleased, he endeavored to enter the most sacred precinct of the Jewish Temple,—the “Holy of Holies.” No one among his own people could prevail upon him to give up his rash plan; but in answer to a prayer by the High-Priest of the Temple, who stood undismayed before him, this great king fell senseless to the ground.

He did not try again to penetrate into this sacred place, but he became very much enraged against the Jewish people; and, when he returned to Alexandria, he ordered all the Jews in that city to give up their religion and to practice the heathenish rites of Egypt. Only a few Jews consented to do this; nearly all of them boldly refused. Then the angry king commanded that all the Jews in the country around about, as well as those in the city, should be arrested and confined in the Hippodrome, or great circus, just outside of the town.

When, after a good many failures and difficulties, this had at last been done, Ptolemy prepared to carry out his great and novel plan of vengeance. This was to have these poor people trampled to death by elephants. Such a performance in the circus would make a grand show for the heathen king and his heathen people.

But it was not to be expected that elephants,

who are good-natured creatures, would be willing to trample upon human beings unless they were in some way excited or enraged. Therefore, a great many elephants were drugged and intoxicated; and, when they had thus been made wild and reckless, they were let loose in the great arena of the Hippodrome, where the trembling Jews were gathered together in groups, awaiting their fate.

In rushed and stumbled the great monsters, and the Egyptian king and vast crowds of the Egyptian people sat in their seats to see what would happen to the Jews.

But, suddenly, up rose Eleazer, an aged priest of the Jews; and, lifting his hands toward heaven, he prayed for deliverance.

Then, all at once, the elephants stopped. They snorted and threw their trunks into the air, they ran backward and sidewise in wild confusion, and then they turned, and with savage cries and tossing trunks, they plunged over the low parapet around the arena, and ran trampling madly among the people who had come to see the show!

The scene was a terrible one, and the punishment of the Egyptians was very great. The king sat high above all, and out of danger; but he was struck with fear, and determined no longer to endeavor to punish a people who were so miraculously defended. When at last the elephants were driven back and this awful performance at the circus had come to an end, the king let the Jews go free. And this day of their wonderful deliverance was made an annual festival among them.

ABRAM MORRISON.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

'MIDST the men and things which will
Haunt an old man's memory still,
Drollest, quaintest of them all,
With a boy's laugh I recall
Good old Abram Morrison.

When the Grist and Rolling Mill
Ground and rumbled by Po Hill,
And the old red school-house stood
Midway in the Powow's flood,
Here dwelt Abram Morrison.

From the Beach to far beyond
Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond,
Marvelous to our tough old stock,
Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block,
Seemed the Celtic Morrison.

Mudknock, Balmawhistle, all
Only knew the Yankee drawl,
Never brogue was heard till when,
Foremost of his countrymen,
Hither came Friend Morrison;

Irish of the Irishes,
Pope nor priest nor church were his;
Sober with his Quaker folks,
Merry with his quiet jokes
On week days was Morrison.

Half a genius, quick to plan
As to blunder; Irishman
Rich in schemes, and, in the end,
Spoiling what he could not mend,
Such was Abram Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,
Rode his cherished pig on wheels,
And to all who came to see:
"Aisier for the pig an' me,
Sure it is," said Morrison.

Careless-hearted, boy o'ergrown!
Jack of all trades, good at none,
Shaping out with saw and lathe
Ox-yoke, pudding-slice, or snath,
Whistled Abram Morrison.

Well we loved the tales he told
Of a country strange and old,
Where the fairies danced till dawn;
And the goblin Leprecaun
Looked, we thought, like Morrison.

First was he to sing the praise
Of the Powow's winding ways;
And our straggling village took
City grandeur to the look
Of its prophet Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame
On the saddle-bags of Fame,
That they bring not to our time
One poor couplet of the rhyme
Made by Abram Morrison!

When, on calm and fair First Days,
Rattled down our one-horse chaise
Through the blossomed apple-boughs
To the Quaker meeting-house,
There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim
Peered the queer old face of him;
And with Irish jauntiness
Swung the coat-tails of the dress
Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,
Leaning o'er the old, high seat,
Mingling with a solemn drone,
Celtic accents all his own,
Rises Abram Morrison.

"Don't," he 's pleading,—"don't ye go,
Dear young friends, to sight and show;
Don't run after elephants,
Learned pigs and presidents
And the likes!" said Morrison.

On his well-worn theme intent,
Simple, child-like, innocent,
Heaven forgive the half-checked smile
Of our careless boyhood, while
Listening to Friend Morrison!

Once a soldier, blame him not
That the Quaker he forgot,
When, to think of battles won,
And the red-coats on the run,
Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.

Dead and gone! But while its track
Powow keeps to Merrimack,
While Po Hill is still on guard,
Looking land and ocean ward,
They shall tell of Morrison!

After half a century's lapse,
We are wiser now, perhaps,
But we miss our streets amid
Something which the past has hid,
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone forever with the queer
Characters of that old year!
Now the many are as one;
Broken is the mold that run
Men like Abram Morrison.



A BEGINNING.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



KATE was eleven; Johnny was six; Dora was "going on" five. It was nearly Christmas, and Kate had her mind set upon making Johnny a present. What should it be? Not slippers, for Aunt Mary had sent him a pretty pair on his birthday, blue with a knot of pansies. Neither could the present be mittens, lest grandma might be offended; for she could do little else but knit, and considered it her right to keep the family hands and feet clothed.

Johnny, being the only boy, slept in winter on a lounge in the

sitting-room, and this suggested to Kate the thing to make for him,—a cover for the lounge cushion.

One afternoon, when the mother had gone to stay with grandma, who was sick, Kate attempted a beginning. She brought the scrap-bag from the attic, and settled little Dora by the window to report Johnny's approach. He had gone to the baker's for a loaf of bread. Then she emptied the bag in the middle of the floor, and began picking out the woolen pieces which would do to be put together for the cover. She had set aside a scrap of yellow flannel, and a piece of Johnny's new pepper-and-salt suit, and was thinking about taking a third bit,—a blue merino, bright but moth-eaten,—when there was a cry from the sentinel at the window:

"Johnny's comin'!"

Kate, in a panic, snatched up the pieces by great handfuls, and crowded them back into the bag, asking if he was almost to the gate. She would n't have little Johnny see even the thread and needle she was to make his present with; it must be a complete surprise to him. When the scraps were all in the bag, and the bag under the lounge, Dora said:

"Why, no; it is n't Johnny, it 's Aaron Bridges."

"Well, I think it 's a pity," Kate said, "if you

can't tell Johnny from Aaron Bridges, who is a head taller and has red hair."

She dragged out the bag, and again emptied the pieces on the floor.

"Anyhow, they both wear caps," said Dora defending herself.

"Yes, they do, and a hen and a gander both wear feathers," said Kate.

"Oh yes, but," and Dora bobbed her head in triumph, "they aint both of them hens, and they aint both of them ganders."

"Well, now," said Kate amused, "begin again; keep a good lookout, and tell me if you see Johnny coming; but please, don't mistake every boy in town for him."

"I 'd rather pick out the pieces; you watch for Johnny," said Dora.

"That 's always the way with little girls; they never want to do what they can do. You 'd better stand up in the chair, and then you can see farther down the street."

So Dora mounted a chair, and turned her face to the window, looking very tall, and Kate went on turning over the scraps and added to Dora:

"You must keep your eyes on the street. You must n't stop to watch me. Johnny might come while you 're watching me, and ruin everything."

Dora returned to her sentinel watch, and immediately cried out that Johnny was coming.

Kate seized the bag with one hand, and a heap of scraps with the other, and then ran to the window to see if Dora's report was true.

"Where?" she asked. "Where is he?"

"Right there," said Dora. "Don't you see his blue scarf?"

"What a goose you are!" cried Kate. "That 's crazy Polly Perkins. I *should* think you could tell that great tall crazy woman with a sun-bonnet from your own little boy brother."

"Anyhow," said Dora, "you talk as if little brothers was sometimes girls."

Kate laughed, and then said: "If you 'll keep a good watch, Dode, and tell me truly when Johnny's coming, I 'll make your doll a princess dress."

"Well," Dora agreed, "I 'll look hard 's I can, and I 'll tell really-truly next time."

"Well, please, Dody, do."

Dora turned her face street-ward, and Kate went back to examining the scrap-bag. She soon had a good pile of gay bits selected, but in the midst of

her work, she heard on the walk the tramp, tramp of a boy's boots, coming around the house to the side door.

"There he is!" cried Kate, starting and grabbing the scraps, as she darted a swift glance at the faithless Dora, fast asleep, seated in her chair.

Kate had just time to get all the pieces thoroughly mixed and crowded back into the bag, when Johnny came stamping in.

"I'm so glad he did n't see the pieces," Kate thought, not realizing that no beginning was yet made toward the cushion-cover. The sitting-room

der if he found it full of gold pieces. I wish things happened in sure-enough as in story-books; and I wish boys were as good out of books as in, and would go to bed at their bed-time."

"I will go truly, as soon as I see if Philip found anything in his stocking," said Johnny, falling to on the story. "I'll read as fast as I can."

"And skip all the long words," said Kate. "See here: I'll read to you after you get to bed."

"All right," said Johnny, who'd rather be read to than read, any day, or night either.

He went into the next room, and undressed, and



"'JOHNNY'S COMIN'!' CRIED DORA FROM THE WINDOW."

being the only one warmed, Kate could not take her Christmas work to another.

"After Johnny goes to bed, I can work on it," she thought; "he always goes early."

But that night Johnny got interested in a story, and when his bed-time came, he teased Kate to let him read on a little farther.

"It's so nice," he pleaded; "about a poor little boy named Philip. He hung up his stocking Christmas night, and I want to see if he got anything in it."

"Of course he did," said Kate. "In stories they always get their stockings filled. I should n't won-

soon came back and lay on the lounge under cover, while Kate read rapidly about Philip and what he found in his stocking Christmas morning.

"And that's all," she said at length, closing the book; "and now go to sleep."

They were quiet for a moment, when Johnny said:

"Katie, don't you think it's mean that Philip did n't get something in his stocking beside candy, —something to play with? A drum is splendid: rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!"

"There, hush! try to go to sleep," said Kate.

She sat quiet as a statue, the book before her, staring at the picture of Philip on Christmas morn-

ing, jacketless, barefooted, inspecting his plum stocking by lamp-light. She dared not turn a leaf, or move a finger, and scarcely breathed. After what seemed a long, long waiting, she asked in a very low tone :

"Are you asleep, Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny. "I keep thinking 'bout Philip. What kind of candy do you s'pose it was he got in his stocking? I hope it was gum-drops and chocolate-creams."

"Never mind about that. Just go to sleep."

Again there was silence, while Kate looked at the shadows about the room; at the clock; at the picture of Philip, and read over, for the twentieth time,—or the hundredth, or the thousandth, it may be,—the contents of that Christmas stocking.

At length she thought Johnny must surely be asleep, he lay so quiet, and she felt so very anxious to make a beginning. She rose softly and tiptoed over to the lounge, where he lay with his face to the wall. She bent over and peeped. His wide-open eyes turned to hers.

"Are n't you asleep yet?" said Kate, with some impatience.

"No," said Johnny, sadly. "I keep worrying about Philip yet. Do you think his candy was those mean old peppermint things that taste like medicine and smart the tongue?"

"No," said Kate, with ready sympathy. "I think it was cream-candy. The stocking bulges out in one place just the shape of a stick of cream-candy."

"Let me see where it does," said Johnny, eagerly, sitting up.

Kate, remembering his trait of "holding on," decided that the quickest way to quiet him was to bring the book and show him the picture.

"Don't you see, the stocking sticks out right there, just like there was a piece of cream-candy."

Johnny did see, or imagined he did, a slight irregularity in the line of the stocking-picture, and lay down. Kate arranged the bedclothes about him, and said, soothingly :

"Now, go to sleep, darling."

"I will," said Johnny, obediently.

A period of silence ensued, while Kate waited, matching in her mind a blue square to a brown merino one, and a green to a red. "No," she thought, "I'll put drab and red together."

"Katie," said a smothered voice from the bed.

"What is it, Johnny?" said Kate, hopelessly.

"Was n't it a very little bit of cream-candy? The stick-out in the picture is such a little stick-out."

"Why, no," said kind Kate, in a re-assuring tone. "I think the stick-out is a good-sized stick-out, and I'm sure the candy was a good large piece."

"I'm so glad," said Johnny, settling himself again on the pillow.

Kate waited. Tick! tock! tick! tock! For four minutes this was the only sound.

"If he stays quiet one minute longer," Kate thought, watching the clock, "it must be he's asleep, and then I can work."

"Katie!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" said Kate, growing vexed. "What is the matter now, Johnny?"

"Guess you'll have to give me some soothing sirup to make me sleep," said Johnny. Next to candy he liked soothing sirup.

"Oh, Johnny!" said Kate, in imploring tones, "won't you please go to sleep?"

"I can't, Katie; I keep thinking about Philip. I'm afraid some big boy took a bite of his cream-candy, and took more 'n half. Big boys always do take more 'n half."

"I'll tell you, Johnny. You say your letters backward. That will keep you from thinking about Philip, and will get you to sleep."

Johnny promised, and again Kate tucked him in, and for a moment everything was quiet. Then he again called :

"Katie!"

"Why don't you mind me, and say your letters backward, as I told you?" Kate demanded.

"I'm going to," Johnny answered, "when you tell me which comes first backward, V or W. It's hard to say them backward; it's like dragging the sled up hill."

"Well," said Kate, relenting, "never mind; I'll read to you."

She began to fear that there might be fifty other stoppages before the alphabet backward would be finished.

She read an essay on the "Art of Reading." In the midst of the first paragraph her reading was interrupted.

"It is n't a pretty piece," said Johnny.

"Wait; may be you'll like the last part better," said sly Kate.

"Well," Johnny assented, turning over.

Kate went on reading about the "importance of a distinct enunciation," and about the "indispensable condition to good reading that the author's meaning should be clearly apprehended," etc., etc., reading in a voice purposely as monotonous as the slow grinding of a coffee-mill. Suddenly she stopped; a welcome sound came to her ear: Johnny was snoring!

Then Kate brought out the scrap-bag from the oven of the kitchen-stove, where she had hid it, and soon actually made a beginning.

THE LITTLE FIRST MAN AND THE LITTLE FIRST WOMAN.

(An Indian Legend.)

BY WILLIAM M. CARY.

[This story has been told to the children of the Dacotah Indians for very many years, having been handed down from generation to generation; and it is now listened to by Indian children with as much interest as it excited in the red-skinned boys and girls of a thousand years ago.]

ON the bank of one of the many branches of the Missouri River,—or “Big Muddy,” as it is called by the Indians on account of the color of its

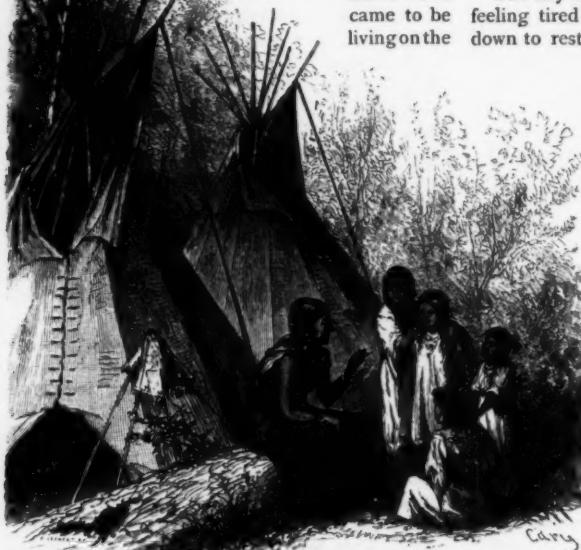
waters,—there lived a little boy and a little girl. These children were very small indeed, being no bigger than a man's finger, but very handsome, well formed, and also quite strong, considering their size. There were no men and women in the world at that time, and none of the people who told the story knew how these two small folk came to be living on the

and a girl; but nothing about this is known for certain. These small people lived in a tiny lodge near the river, feeding upon the berries that grew along the shore. These were of great variety and many delicious flavors. There were wild currants, raspberries, gooseberries, serviceberries, wild plums and grapes; and of most of these, one was sufficient to make a meal for both of the children.

The little girl was very fond of the boy, and watched over and tended him with great care. She made him a tiny bow from a blade of grass, with arrows to match, and he hunted grasshoppers, crickets, butterflies, and many other small creatures. She then made him a hunting shirt, or coat, from the skin of a humming-bird, ornamented with brilliant little stones and tiny shells found in the sand. She loved him so dearly that no work was too much when done for him.

One day he was out hunting on the prairie; and, feeling tired from an unusually long tramp, he lay down to rest and soon fell fast asleep.

The wind began to rise, after the heat of the day; but this made him sleep the sounder, and he knew nothing of the storm that was threatening. The clouds rolled over from the north-western horizon, like an army of blankets torn and ragged. With flashing lightning, the thunder-god let loose his powers, and peal after peal went echoing loudly through the cañons, up over hills, and down into prairies where the quaking asp shivered, the willows waved, and the tall blue grass rolled as the winds passed over, like a tempest-tossed sea. Only the stubborn aloes, the Spanish bayonet, and the prickly pears, kept their position. But the storm was as brief as it was violent; and, gradually subsiding, it passed to the south-east, leaving nothing but a bank of clouds behind the horizon. Ev-



TELLING THE STORY OF THE LITTLE FIRST MAN AND LITTLE FIRST WOMAN.

banks of the river. Some persons thought that they might have been little beavers, or little turtles, who were so smart that they turned into a boy

everything was drenched by the heavy rain. The flowers hung their heads, or lay crushed from the weight of water on their tender petals, vainly struggling to

rise and rejoice that the storm had passed away. The sage-brush looked more silvery than ever,



"HE HUNTED GRASSHOPPERS."

clothed with myriads of rain-drops, which beaded its tiny leaves. Through all the storm, our little hero slept, the feathers of his hunting-coat wet and flattened by the rain. When the sun came out again and shone upon him, it dried and shriveled this little coat until it cracked and fell off him like the shell of an egg from a newly hatched chicken. He soon began to feel uncomfortable, and woke up. Evening was fast approaching; the blue-jay chattered, the prairie-chicken was calling its young brood to rest under its wings for the night, the cricket had at last sung himself to sleep, and all nature seemed to be getting ready for a long rest. Our boy, however, had no thought of further sleep. His active mind was thinking how he could revenge himself upon the sun for his treatment of him, in thus ruining his coat. The shadows on the plains deepened into gloom and darkness, but still he thought and planned out his revenge. Early in the morning, he started for home. The little girl had been anxiously watching for him all night, and came out to meet him, much rejoiced at his safe return; but when she saw the condition of his coat, on which she had labored with such care and love, she was very much grieved. Her tears only made him more angry with the sun, and he set himself to planning with greater determination by what means he could

annoy his enemy, the sun. At last a bright idea struck him, and he at once told it to the girl. She was delighted, and admired him the more for his shrewdness. They soon put their plans into practice, and began plaiting a rope of grasses.

This was a great undertaking, as the rope had to be very long. Many moons came and went before this rope was finished, and, when the task was completed, the next thing to be considered was, how they should carry or transport it to the place where the sun rises in the morning. This question puzzled them greatly, for the rope was very large and heavy, and the distance was very great.

All the animals at that time were very small when compared to the field-mouse, which was then the largest quadruped in the whole world, twice the size of any buffalo. The horse, or, as the Indians call it, "shungatonga," meaning elk-dog, did not then exist. It was a long time before the children could find a field-mouse to whom they might appeal for aid. At last they found one at home, sitting comfortably under an immense fern.



"AT HOME, UNDER AN IMMENSE FERN."

The little boy then went up to him, and, after relating his troubles, asked if he would assist in

carrying the rope. Mountains had to be crossed, rivers swum or forded, according to their depth, wide expanses of prairie to be passed over, forests skirted, swamps waded and lakes circled, before the rope and its makers could reach the place where the sun rises.

The field-mouse, after much consideration, agreed to help the pair, and they began their preparations by winding the rope into a great coil, which they packed on the back of the field-mouse. On the top of this, the boy and girl seated themselves, and the journey began. When they came to a river which must be crossed by swimming, the rope was taken off the mouse and unwound; then he would take one end in his mouth, and swim to the other side, letting it trail out after him as he swam. This performance had to be repeated many times before the whole rope was landed on the opposite bank. When this was done, he had to swim across again and fetch the little pair, seating them on his forehead.

It was hard work for the mouse, but the little boy encouraged him to his work by promises of reward and compliments on his extraordinary strength. The high mountains were crossed with great toil, and while they were on the dry plains the travelers suffered for want of water. The sun had dried up everything, and it almost seemed as if he understood their object, for he poured down upon them his hottest rays. Several changes of the seasons, and many

moons, had come and gone before they reached the dense forest from behind which the sun was accustomed to rise. They managed to arrive at this big forest at night, so that the sun should not see them, and then they screened themselves in the woods, rest-



THE FIELD-MOUSE FREES THE SUN. [SEE PAGE 138.]

ing there for several days. When, at last, they felt rested and refreshed, they began their work at night-fall, and the first thing they did was to uncoil the rope. The little boy then took one

end of it in his teeth, and climbed up one of the trees at the extreme edge of the woods, where he spread it out in the branches, making loops and

watched the sun struggling to free himself, getting red with fury and rage, and pouring out his burning heat on all surrounding things. The leaves shriv-



THE LITTLE PAIR ON THEIR JOURNEY.

slip-knots here and there all over, from one tree to another, until the rope looked like an immense net. Then the mouse, finding his services no longer needed, left them and wandered far away.

As morning approached, the two children quitted the wood, everything being in readiness, and retired to a distance to watch the result of their work. Soon they espied a pale light gleaming behind the forest and gradually becoming brighter and brighter. On came the sun, rolling up in all his grandeur and fast approaching the ropes, while two little hearts were beating quickly down below. In a moment he had reached the net-work of rope, and then, before he knew it, he was entangled in its meshes,

eled and dropped from the trees, the branches could be seen to smoke, the grass curled up and withered, and at last the forest began to burn as the heat became more intense. It seemed as if all nature was on fire. The joy of the children now turned into fear. The elk, deer and buffalo, came rushing out of the woods. The birds circled shrieking and crying, and all living things seemed wild with fear.

At last, the field-mouse called the animals together for a consultation, as to what was best to be done. They held a brief council, for no time could be lost. The elk spoke up and said, that as the mouse had gone to so much trouble to carry the



THE FIELD-MOUSE CARRYING THE LITTLE PAIR ACROSS A RIVER.

and found himself thoroughly entrapped! What a proud moment for our hero! He compared his own size with that of the sun, and his delight seemed beyond bounds as he and the little girl

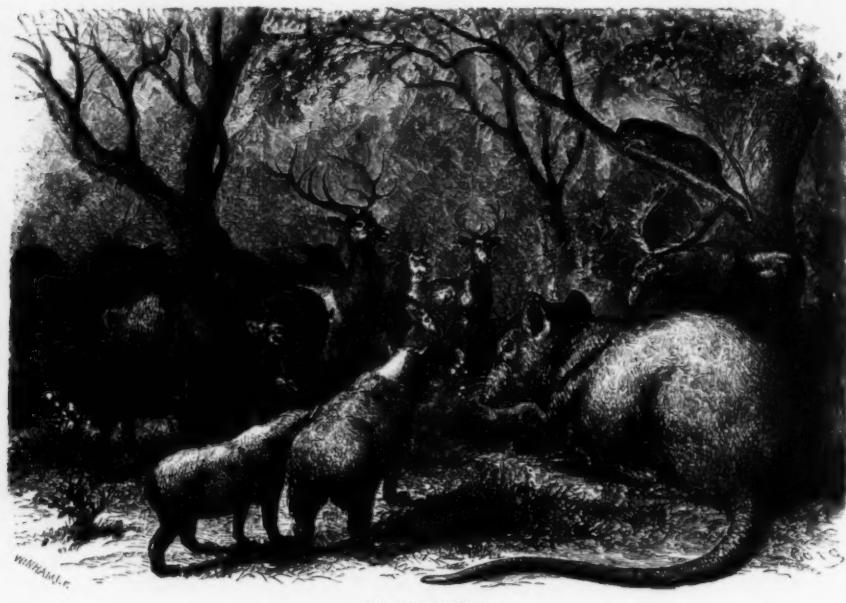
rope to entrap the sun, he was the one who ought to set him free from his entanglement. This was generally agreed to, and, besides, the field-mouse was the largest animal and had such

sharp and strong teeth that it would be easy for him to gnaw through any rope.

It was getting hotter and hotter: something must be done quickly. The sun was blazing with rage! The field-mouse finally yielded to the wishes of his fellow-animals; and, rushing into the wood, through the terrible heat and smoke, he gnawed the rope, but in doing so was melted down to his

present size. The sun then rapidly arose, and everything soon became all right again.

The fact of the little man trapping the sun and causing so much mischief, proved his superiority over the other animals, and they have feared him ever since. And, according to the Indian belief, this little man and this little woman were the father and mother of all tribes of men.



THE CONSULTATION.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(*A Farm-house Story.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT KEZIAH may have been a little vexed at finding how large a price Hawknoise John had made her pay for Piney's new bow, but she was not the woman to say a great deal about a matter of that kind. She and his mother admired it with him, and, after careful search, Mrs. Hunter picked out from an old work-bag a very strong piece of twine for a bow-string.

"O," said Piney, "where did you get that?"

"I think it's a piece of one of your uncle Liph's old fishing-lines. It's been in my bag ever since he was here, last summer."

"I'm glad you never tied up a bundle with it, and I've got a splendid lot of arrows."

"The Woodchuck made them for you, did he not?"

"I can't say who made them, exactly. He never works if he can help it."

Kyle Wilbur had sauntered off toward the shore

of the lake, and, before long, Piney Hunter joined him with the new bow, ready strung for use, in his hand. In the other he carried several straight and well-made arrows. Two of these were very much admired by Kyle, for they had sharp points, instead of blunt, wooden heads.

"Looks as if you 'd set in a couple of shoemaker's pegging awls," he said, "and then whit-tled the rest of the head down around them."

"That 's just what I did," said Piney; "but you can't guess what I did it for."

"Why, to shoot with."

"Of course. But you get into the boat with me and I 'll show you. You sit away astern and paddle along. Don't make a bit of noise. Go across the flats. I 'll be in the forward end and I 'll show you."

"O," said Kyle, "I understand. You 're going for pickerel, Indian fashion. I 've done it, myself, only I never caught anything."

"I have, then. You did n't have such a bow as this."

"Nor such an arrow either. Besides, I can't begin to shoot as well as you can. I 'm not strong enough in my arms."

He certainly did not look as if he were, but then that was probably no fault of his. He would have been very glad, no doubt, to be as fat and rosy and strong as his school-mate and near neighbor.

As for Piney himself, he had told his mother and Aunt Keziah that he must do something or other while he was waiting for Uncle Liph and the rest to come, or he should "go wild."

Aunt Keziah had answered: "Well, Piney, Roxy and Chub are about all we can attend to. The city folks 'll get here just as early if you go and row around the lake for a while."

So he had taken her advice, and carried his bow and arrows with him.

His old bow, which he had now turned over to Roxy, promising to make her some arrows for it, some day, was only about half the size of the new one and not very strong. He had hardly used it for a long time, but it was, after all, a pretty big plaything for a little girl.

"I wish I had some arrows," she said; "I want to shoot."

"I 'm just as well pleased you have n't any, just now," said Aunt Keziah. "We must look out for the windows and the looking-glasses."

That was quite likely, but Roxy longed for some arrows all the same.

Meantime, Piney and Kyle floated slowly on over the "flats." That was a part of the lake where the water was quite shallow, so you could see the bottom anywhere. In some places it was hardly two feet deep, but the scow was a sort of boat just

suitied for that. She could have floated, with only those two boys in her, in water a good deal shallower than that was.

Piney Hunter sat in front, with his bow in his hand and his arrow on the string, looking earnestly over into the clear water, as the boat glided on, now and then making motions to Kyle to steer one way or another. Twice he let fly his arrow, but each time he pulled it back by a long string he had tied to the end of it, and said aloud:

"Did n't hit him."

"Don't you think you aim too high?" asked Kyle. "You 've got to shoot under 'em."

"I know that. The water makes 'em look higher up than they really are. But may be I don't aim low enough."

"Then the water makes the arrow glance up a little."

"I 'll try again. Hush, now. There 's a big one. Biggest kind. Slow, now,—slow."

Whether that pickerel was taking an afternoon nap, or whether he was only watching for flies, and was too lazy to move, there he lay, only a few inches below the surface, until the scow crept slyly on to within shooting distance.

Piney held his breath for a moment, and drew his arrow almost to the head. It seemed to him that it must go away down under the fish, but he was determined to try it, and he let fly.

"Twang," went the bow, and there was hardly a spatter on the water as the arrow darted in.

Then there was a great spatter, a regular splash, as the pickerel sprang to the surface.

"Hurrah!" shouted Kyle, "you 've hit him, sure."

"That 's the way the Indians used to do," said Piney. "Hawknose John told me."

"What made you let go of your string? Now, you can't pull him in."

"Well, there 's a shingle float on the end of the string. O, how I wish I had a net!"

"Or a gaff spear. He keeps coming out on top of the water."

"Paddle along, Kyle. O, is n't he a big one! He 's a perfect whopper."

And Piney dropped the oar he had been striking out with.

"Now I 've got him!"

He was reaching over after his fish when Kyle, who was as much excited as Piney, and perhaps a little more so, gave a dig with his paddle that made the boat swing round, and in another instant the pickerel shooter was floundering in the water.

"I 've got him," he spluttered again; "it is n't deep. Let me pitch him in. He 's only a little stunned, and he 's beginning to flop again."

Piney had grasped the arrow which had entered

the fish a little behind his shoulders, showing that it had been aimed exactly right, instead of too low. He pulled it out, however, as he dropped his prize into the boat.

The water was about up to his waist, just there, and he followed the fish into the scow with no worse harm than a thorough ducking.

"What a splendid pickerel! Why, he must weigh four pounds!"

"Biggest one anybody's caught in this lake for ever so long," said Kyle. "Would n't I like to try my luck!"

"So you shall, some day; but just look at me,—and all that company coming! I say, Kyle, is n't that a carriage, coming up the south road?"

"Looks like one. Must be your uncle, I guess."

"Let's pull for home, then. O, dear me, I shan't have time to change my clothes! Well, I don't care, I've got the pickerel."

It was not that they had so very far to go, but the carriage on the road was traveling a good deal faster than the boat, and when they pulled in at the landing, it was almost at the front gate. There, too, were Piney Hunter's mother, and Aunt Keziah, and Roxy and Chub, and even Ann, the hired help, all out on the front piazza, ready to start for the gate, where one of the farm hands was waiting to take care of the baggage and the horses.

The carriage stopped in front of the gate, and a boy of about Piney's age, but a good deal more nicely dressed, and not half so rosy, sprang down from the front seat, by the driver.

Then the door opened, and a tall gentleman got out, just as Roxy rushed through the gate, shouting: "Uncle Liph! Aunt Sarah! Cousin Bi! Where are Mary and Susie?"

"They are here," calmly remarked Uncle Liph, as he helped out a portly, motherly-looking woman, who at once caught up Roxy in her arms.

Then came a young lady, who got out without any help, and turned around to lift out a little girl, half a head taller than Roxy.

That little girl was plainly the visitor Aunt Keziah had been looking for, and she did not speak to anybody else till she had said: "My little Susie!" half a dozen times, with nobody counted how many kisses.

There were kisses all around, and so many things being said that it was of no sort of use to answer anything just then, when a deep, strong voice from the carriage exclaimed: "Well, am I to be forgotten?"

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" shouted Roxy. "O, how nice! We did n't know you were coming. Where's Grandma?"

"Gone to Boston. But I've come to see Roxy and Chub."

And while he was speaking, a very nice-looking old gentleman, with silver-gray hair, came slowly down from the carriage. He was a little lame in one foot, but he looked well and hearty.

"How did you all pack into one carriage?" said Aunt Keziah.

"O, Susie carried me," said Grandpa, just as "Bi" was asking, "But where is Cousin Richard?"

"Piney?" said Aunt Keziah, "O, he got tired of waiting, and went out on the lake for a row. He'll come —"

"There he comes!" shouted Roxy.

"He's comin'," added Chub, "and he's dot a fish."

"Must have swum for it, I should say," remarked Uncle Liph. "What a looking boy!"

"Bayard," said Aunt Sarah, "there's your cousin Richard."

There he was, indeed, half out of breath with haste, his loose clothes clinging to him with the wet, and he held his big pickerel by the gills with one hand, while he carried his bow and arrows in the other.

His face, though, had never looked redder, and his dark eyes were sparkling with fun and with the pleasure he felt at seeing his friends.

"Piney," said Uncle Liph, "you're a trump. Where did you get that pickerel?"

"Shot him with an arrow, and then Kyle Wilbur tipped me into the lake after him. I got him."

"So you did. Bayard, my boy, I'd like to see you do a thing like that, clothes or no clothes."

"Bi" looked as if he hardly knew whether to shake hands first with his cousin or with the fish, but Piney had to say just then:

"No, Susie, you must not hug me now. Not till I'm dry again. Hug Chub for me. He's dry."

But Chub had been hugged enough, and was walking all around his big brother, staring at the pickerel, the bow, the arrows and the dripping clothes. It was not the first time that suit had been in the water, and it had never been of exactly the cut and style of cousin "Bi's."

Piney's mother blushed with pleasure, however, as she heard Mary Hunter whisper to Aunt Sarah and Grandfather:

"What a splendid-looking boy he is growing to be!"

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and the rest came to visit at the farm-house by the lake, they left a home of their own behind them.

It was a particularly nice home,—a large square house, with a front twice as wide as most city houses have. It was not really in the great city

itself, but out at one end of it, where the houses were not very close together, so that Uncle Liph's house had a good deal of ground around it.

The outside was handsome enough to please



"AN' THEY WORE THIM?"

anybody, but, when once you got in at the front door, you could see that it was differently furnished from other people's homes; that is, the chairs and tables and carpets were a good deal like other

people's, except that none of them seemed to be very new.

But there were other things. The hat-rack in the hall, near the front door, was made of great antlers of moose and elk and deer, put together on a mahogany frame, and it was just the thing to hang hats and coats on. There was a great head of a moose, natural as life, in the middle of it.

Over the door leading into the front parlor, on the left of the hall, was a stuffed eagle with wide-spread wings, and right opposite him, at the top of another door that led into a reading-room, was a white owl, beautifully stuffed, sitting as still as if he were not one bit afraid of that eagle.

The further you went around that house, the more you would see of queer and unusual things. A suit of ancient armor, that almost seemed to have a man in it, stood leaning on a spear at the back parlor entrance; but nobody had ever seen it stop people who were going in or out.

Uncle Liph was what is called an "antiquarian"; and so, after his own fashion, was Grandfather Hunter. That is, they were fond of knowing about the ways of people who lived in the old times, long ago,—how they lived and worked and talked and dressed, and particularly how they made war and what kind of weapons they used in their hunting and fighting.

So they liked old furniture, if it were good and serviceable, better than new furniture; and, when a man once asked Uncle Liph what there was "ancient" about a pair of deer-horns, he had said:

"Ancient? Why, the oldest deer in the world wore a pair. They wore them in Noah's Ark. There's nothing modern about horns."

That summer afternoon, at the time Piney Hunter was shooting his big pickerel, the great square house on the edge of the city had an empty and deserted look. But it was not entirely deserted. Uncle Liph would never have left his treasures all alone; no, not for a single night. He had said to his hired man, Terence McGonigal:

"Now, Terry, my boy, you must keep a sharp lookout. I don't want to find that my big eagle there has flown away during my absence!"

And Terry had answered:

"Dade, yer honor, it's a quiet sort of a bird he is. But I'll not slape in the library, wid all them owld contraptions around me. Sure and they'd make me dhrame of Brian Boru and the Danes."

"You need n't sleep at all, Terry. It is n't that I'm afraid of. If you and Fanny will keep awake all the time I'm gone, the house wont be run away with."

"I'll answer for the house, yer honor, and I pity the man that thries to run away wid Fanny."

Fanny was the cook; and if any one had seen

her that afternoon standing with Terry in the library, while he talked to her about Uncle Liph's treasures, he, also, would have been ready to pity the man who should have to carry her far. Hawknoise John's bag of potatoes was nothing at all to such a load as Fanny the cook would have been. But, if she was tall and stout, she was not at all lazy. It was really surprising to see how fast she did move about, especially when she was in the kitchen getting dinner. Just now she was standing still enough. She had seen it all before a great many times; but it was a sort of treat to be there with Terry, and have it all to themselves.

"An' they wore them?" she asked, pointing to some pieces of old armor that hung high up on the wall.

"Wore them? What else, thin? Sure it was all the clothes they had in them days."

"I'm glad I did n't live thin. How'd you like it yerself, Mr. Terence McGonigal, to have a blacksmith for a tailor? Did they nail 'em on?"

"Was they horses?" asked Terry, scornfully. "No, indade! Thim iron clothes was all put thegither wid rivits and bolts and screws, and thin the man that was to wear 'em crept into 'em and stood up."

Terence and Fanny had a great deal more to say, for Uncle Liph's "library" was a very large room, with a great many things in it. Piney Hunter had been dreaming of it during all the year past. He was almost ready to envy his cousin Bayard the privilege he had of going in, every day, to see all those books and curiosities.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as the new-comers at the farm could be led into the house, and their baggage had been carried up to their rooms, Piney set about the work of making himself "look nice" again. He and Bi were to room together, and all the while they were changing their clothes, for those of the city boy were dusty enough, in his opinion, to require changing, Piney was asking him questions about "the collection."

"Is it all there?"

"All of it. Father keeps all he gets, if he thinks it's worth keeping. He's found a great many new things since you were there."

"New things?"

"Well, old things, but I mean things he did n't have before. He had a good many sent over from Europe."

"From Europe? Armor? Shields and helmets and all that?"

"Weapons, too. Grandfather tried to make me believe one of the swords was the one David killed Goliath with. If I had n't known better——"

"How did you know? You were n't there."

"Were n't where?"

"There when David killed Goliath."

"No, and neither was that sword. I found out about it. It was an old German sword; very old and curious."

And so the boys went on for some ten minutes, when suddenly they heard Aunt Sarah, at the kitchen door, exclaiming:

"Keziah, where are the children?"

"Roxy took them out on the lawn."

"On the lawn? I do not see them. O, Keziah, they're all in the boat, Roxy and Susie and Chub."

"Just like her!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah, as she ran to the foot of the stairs; and then she called:

"Piney! Piney! Hurry down to the lake. The children are in the boat!"

"What are you doing?" asked Bi Hunter of Piney.

"Doing? Going for my old clothes. I don't want to wet a fresh lot. These are my Sunday best."

The first thing Aunt Sarah had done, on getting to her room, had been to give Susie's very eager but somewhat dusty little face a good washing. It was hardly possible to do any more for her, with Roxy standing by, holding Chub by the hand, and both of them in such a fever to show their city cousin a little of everything.

Aunt Sarah laughed at this tumult, and hurried the children out of her room with another caution about not getting into mischief. Roxy thought her aunt must know very little about the country, or she never would have said that. Roxy was entirely sure Susie would be safe with her and Chub, and she led them both down-stairs and out on the lawn.

"That's our lawn," she said, proudly. "That's where we play croquet. We had two cows there, and a calf once, and the calf bunted me over on my back. Kyle Wilbur ran after him 'most down to the lake, but Aunt Keziah said it served me right."

"Why, it was dreadful!" exclaimed Susie; "he might have bit you."

"No, calves don't bite. I tickled his nose with a straw, to see if he could laugh. That's what he bunted me down for. Is n't it beautiful grass?"

"Beautiful!"

"And there's a whole tubful of pinies in front of the piazza, and there's roses and s'rings flowers and myrtle and violets and dahlias and tiger-lilies and,—and,—and—there's the lake; Susie, let's go and see the boat."

Roxy knew she should remember the names of the other flowers after a while, but they did not all come to her mind at once. It was easier to show the lake and the boat, and Susie had been looking that way while Roxy pointed at the tub of peonies.

Susie was in ecstasies over the boat when they got to the landing.

"It 's a beautiful boat," she said, "and it swims all of itself."

"That 's what boats are for," said Roxy. "Piney and Kyle Wilbur go a-fishing in it. It wont tip over."

"Wont it?"

"No; it 's a real strong, good boat."

"It 's Piney's boat," said Chub.

Roxy had been pulling on the chain, and now she had brought the scow close up to the edge of the wooden platform which Aunt Keziah had had built for a landing.

Chub clambered over into the boat at once, for he had sailed in it a great many times and was not a bit afraid; but Susie hesitated until Roxy shouted to her:

"Jump in, Susie. I 'll row you all over the lake."

Susie knew she was a city girl, and thought, of course, it was all right if Roxy said so. Besides, Roxy was a good deal younger,—more than two years,—and Susie did not exactly like to seem timid, so she stepped cautiously in and sat down on one of the middle seats.

"There 's some water in the bottom!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that 's nothing. It wont do to let the boat get too dry. Piney told me so. He lets it leak a little all the while."

Roxy was busy with the chain, which was merely hooked to a staple in a stout post, and now she got it loose and gave the boat a shove that sent it away from the landing.

"O, Roxy, we 're all a-floating!"

"Of course we are," said Roxy, self-confidently. "Now I must take the oars and row you. I can row 'most as well as Piney."

"But where are the oars?" asked Susie. "I can't see any."

"The oars? Why, yes,—I 'd like to know. O, Cousin Susie! There they are, up there on the bank, beyond the landing."

"You can't row without oars."

"Somebody 's taken them out of the boat."

That was true. Kyle Wilbur had done it, when he and Piney came back with their big pickerel. And now they were quite a little distance from the shore, and Susie began to wish she had never seen either the lake or the beautiful old scow.

"O, Roxy, do you think we 'll be drowned?"

"No, indeed, as long as we stay in the boat. It 's only people that tumble into the water that ever get drowned. Piney has told me often and

often that nobody 'll ever be drowned if they keep out of the water."

"I wish Piney was here."

"Oh, he 'll come. Don't you be afraid. I aint."

"I aint af'aid," said Chub. "It 's Piney's boat. He boated me 'way ac'oss de lake, once."

And Chub leaned over the gunwale of the scow in a way that made his sister catch hold of his frock and exclaim:

"Chub! Chub! you must sit still. If you aint careful you 'll rock the boat and scare Susie."

It was just at that moment that Piney heard Aunt Keziah calling to him from the foot of the stairs. He understood the whole thing in an instant, and it was wonderful how quickly he was out on the grass with nothing on him but a dry shirt and a wet pair of trousers.

"Wont you hurt your feet?" asked Bi, as he followed him.

"Hurt my feet? Of course not. Not on this grass. You would n't have me put on shoes and stockings to swim in, would you?"

"No, I should say not. Do you think you 'll have to swim?"

"Guess I will. Come on, Bi."

By this time Aunt Keziah, with Piney's mother and Susie's, and Cousin Mary, and even Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph, were hurrying down toward the boat landing.

"Oh, those children!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah; "what will become of them?"

They were rapidly drifting out into the lake, at all events, for a light wind was blowing off shore.

"Is the water deep?" asked Uncle Liph, anxiously.

"Pretty deep, around here," said Aunt Keziah; and then she shouted to the children:

"Sit still! All of you! Sit still."

Susie was almost ready to cry when she saw her mother and the rest come running down to the shore, and she sat as still as a mouse; but Chub was playing over the side of the boat, with his new straw hat in the water, and Roxy had not lost an inch of her courage and confidence. She was a little pale, but she said:

"It 's all right, Susie. This is n't anything. Piney 's coming."

"I wish he 'd come," whimpered poor Susie, for she understood that the grown-up people were getting frightened about them, although she could not see clearly that they were in any danger.

Piney was coming, with Bi close behind him, and he chuckled with delight as he sprang from the landing into the warm, clear water.

(To be continued.)



BELLEROPHON ON THE FLYING HORSE.

THE STORY OF PEGASUS.

BY M. C.

WHEN Perseus struck off the head of the terrible Gorgon Medusa, as described in the story of his life already given in *ST. NICHOLAS*,* it is said there sprang from her body a winged horse. This was the strange and beautiful animal, now known in mythology as Pegasus, and the ancient poets and fable-writers told many stories concerning him.

Hardly was the fiery creature born, when he flew up into the heavens, and there became the horse of Jupiter, for whom he carried thunder and lightning. In course of time, however, Pegasus had a less powerful rider.

A young man named Hippomenes happened to slay Bellerus, a Corinthian, and on this account was named Bellerophon; to save his life, he took refuge at the court of a king named Praetus. But here, also, Bellerophon got into trouble, and Praetus sent him to Iobates, king of Lycia, with private orders to have the young man slain at the first opportunity. To accomplish this, Iobates sent Bellerophon to kill the dreadful, fire-breathing monster, Chimaera, firmly believing he would never return alive. There was a chance, too, that both might die, and thus Iobates would gain the love of his people, as well as the friendship of Praetus; for Chimaera had killed great numbers of the Lycians.

The fore part of Chimaera's body was like a lion, the hind part like a dragon, and the rest like a goat. But, although his foe was so horrid and terrible, Bellerophon seems to have taken the matter very comfortably, for we hear of his falling asleep in the temple of the goddess Minerva, where he had gone to talk the fight over with one of the priests. This nap proved a piece of good luck; for the goddess was kind enough to appear to him in a dream, and tell him that, in order to kill Chimaera, he must manage to tame and ride Pegasus, and that he would find the horse at the Pirene spring, for there Pegasus loved to drink.

This famous spring of pure water supplied a great part of the town of Corinth. It was not the same as the spring Hippocrene, which we shall come to presently, and which is sometimes called the "Pierian" spring, from Pieria, the country in which it is situated.

To aid Bellerophon in conquering the horse, Minerva gave him a golden bridle. When he awoke, Bellerophon found this bridle by his side; and, as it proved his dream to be true so far, he started for the Pirene spring, and lay in wait there.

After a long time, the young man heard a loud fluttering of wings, and, looking up, he saw the wonderful horse hovering in the air. As Bellerophon had hidden himself very carefully, Pegasus, not seeing him, flew gracefully down to the fountain, drank of it, quietly stretched himself out and fell asleep. Then Bellerophon crept up softly, and suddenly leaped upon the creature's back. The shock awoke the winged horse, who never till then had felt the human touch. He sprang up in wild alarm, and rose, with quick wings, high into the air, doing his utmost to shake off his rider. But Bellerophon kept his seat, swung the golden bridle skillfully over his steed's head, and slipped the bit into his mouth. After that, Pegasus submitted, and the young man could make him fly just as he wished.

Riding on his winged horse, Bellerophon boldly attacked and killed Chimaera, to the great joy of the Lycians, although Iobates and Praetus felt sorry Bellerophon escaped. The young man was so grateful to Pegasus that he would have set him free; but the noble creature had learned to love his brave master, and would not leave him. Even when Bellerophon wanted to go into the heavens, Pegasus tried to fly up there with him on his back; but the gods threw Bellerophon down to earth for trying to intrude upon them uninvited.

In later times, Pegasus was said to have been also the horse of the Muses, the nine goddesses who presided over the different kinds of poetry and over the arts and sciences. Once these nine had a singing-match with the nine daughters of Pierus, on Mount Helicon, in Pieria. When the daughters of Pierus sang, all nature became dark; but when the "Tuneful Nine" broke forth into song, the heavens, the sea and all the rivers stood still to listen; and Mount Helicon itself rose heavenward with delight, until Pegasus stopped it by a kick from his hoof. Out of the print of this timely kick bubbled up the fountain called Hippocrene, whose waters were said to bring inspiration to all who drank of them. The defeated nine were changed into birds.

Nobody has told us the final fate of the beautiful Pegasus; but some ancient writers hint that he returned into the heavens and became the horse of Aurora, the goddess of the morning. Certainly it is pleasant to think so; and perhaps it is in memory of this event that astronomers have given his name to a group of stars.†

* June, 1878. † See Professor Proctor's star maps, in *ST. NICHOLAS* for August, September, and October, 1877.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FAMILY: A CHRISTMAS RECREATION.

(For Sunday-school and other Festivals.)

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



with care. *Do not let the piece be hurried.* Give the children time to appreciate every part, else it may seem to them confused and indistinct.

THE HOUSE.—The screen, containing a picture of Mother Goose's House in something approaching to perspective, as shown in the cut, should be twelve feet long and ten feet high, with a slope at each end, a projection for eaves, and a little square at the top for the chimney,—common muslin on a light frame. Any fresco painter will paint the house for you, following our illustration. If your room is small, reduce the size of your screen little. This screen should stand about six feet from the back of the stage, so as to give room behind it for the children taking part. There should be a practical door, —the windows may be of tissue paper with strips of white for sash, or they may be painted. The house will be slightly out of perspective to accommodate the door, etc., but this will not be perceptible. From the ends of the screen, stretch green paper-muslin obliquely to the wall, so that persons behind the screen may not be visible to the audience by any chance. In front of the muslin, put a row of evergreens. Let some competent person remain behind to send out the little players as they are wanted. (If for any reason you cannot get a screen painted, you will find a description of a house built of evergreens, in "The House of Santa Claus," in *St. NICHOLAS* for December, 1876, page 731.)

On the platform in front let there be a small table, and leaning against the house a broom, with which Mother Goose will be sweeping in any pauses or delays of the performance, and which she can use as an instrument of discipline when occasion requires.

THE STOCKING—Should be made of any proper material. It should be about six feet long in the leg, and of proportionate length in the foot. It should be filled with paper, except at the very top, where there should be a few bags of candy, etc., such as you intend to distribute to the children. The remainder of the candy-bags should be behind the screen so that they can be brought out after the stocking is carried in. Let the top of the stocking be tied up.

The stocking is lifted to its place against the ceiling by cords run over two pulleys fixed immediately above the middle of the front of the platform. These cords should run to the nearest pillar, or down the nearest wall, where they should be fastened in easy reach. When the stocking has been drawn up so that its top touches the ceiling, while the foot hangs down, two fine cords, previously attached to the heel and the toe, and which also go over pulleys, or through rings, are drawn so as to bring the stocking flat against the ceiling, cross-

wise of the room. Flags are then draped in front of the stocking so as to conceal it from the view of the audience. If the stocking be striped like the flags, the concealment will be perfect. But the flags must be so arranged as not to impede the stocking in its descent. When the time comes for lowering it, the cords holding the foot are first released, and the stocking drops into plain view of the whole audience. Here let it hang for a minute. Then lower it to the stage, by means of the cords attached to the top.

COSTUMES.

Mother Goose. Short striped skirt, black bodice, white waist, wide ruffle, and fancy slippers with very high heels. A white cap under a high peaked hat. The hat has for its foundation a broad-brim straw hat such as farmers sometimes wear. Over the hat a long pointed crown of Bristol-board, two feet high, is sewed in the shape shown in the illustration. The crown of Bristol-board should be separately covered with blue muslin, and the brim of the straw hat covered with the same. Then the peaked crown is sewed on and the hat is complete. She should be provided with a cane, a pair of spectacles, a large red silk hand-kerchief, and a snuff-box. The front hair should be powdered with corn-starch, or flour.

Simple Simon should wear a long-sleeved apron of bright calico hanging below the knees, a skull-cap set on the back of his head, and low loose slippers. He should have a fishing-rod and a pal.

Little Boy Blue should be rather small and wear short pantaloons of blue paper-muslin, with a loose blouse of the same, belted with a strip of red. Cap of blue paper-muslin also, made full like a housemaid's sweeping-cap, but without ruffle. He should have a loud-sounding tin horn.

Tom, the Piper's Son, may be dressed in his ordinary clothes, with the addition of a red blouse and cap, made like that described above. The pig may be made of unbleached muslin stuffed with rags or paper. It should, of course, look somewhat like a pig. A large, loosely filled pillow may be used as a foundation for the pig, who should be about two feet long when complete. Two corners of the pillow may be tied up for ears.

Mary should be a little girl, with ordinary clothes, a broad, flat hat hanging on her back, and a few school-books under her arm.

Mary's Little Lamb is made by covering a boy with unbleached muslin having cotton stitched on it in irregular tufts. The covering should inclose the boy's head, holes being left for the eyes and for breathing. He should walk on hands and knees. He will not look very lamb-like at best, but that is all the better. If you can buy a mask like a sheep's head, it will serve for the face.

The Bachelor is a rather short boy with a high "stove-pipe" hat, and a very long coat, or a short coat with very long tails. He has a toy wheelbarrow, large enough to hold

The Bride, who wears a long dress, a prim little bonnet and a light-colored shawl.

The Little Old Woman should wear a large scoop-shovel bonnet with a cape or shawl.

The Hen is made by putting a large night-dress upside down on a boy, his feet thrust through the sleeves. A pillow is adjusted behind and the garment is gathered about the neck, and then about the pillow to make a tail. Paper fringe completes the tail. The head is a pointed pasteboard cap marked for the mouth, and a mask



marked for the eyes. (The construction of the hen is borrowed from the shanghai in "Spooner's Great Human Menagerie." See St. NICHOLAS for April, 1875, where there is a fuller description with cuts. But our description will be sufficient for an ingenious person.)

The Man in the Moon wears a mask made with two pasteboard crescents fastened securely, one on either side of his cap, and secured by strings about his neck.

The Man in the South wears a disk or wheel about two feet in diameter, with a hole for his face to project through. This disk is fastened by strings to his neck and head; the edges of the disk are cut into deep points to look like the sun in an almanac picture.*

DIALOGUE.

[The presiding chairman, when the time arrives, will say: "I will now introduce to you our old friend, Mother Goose, who lives in a cottage of her own." The curtain, or other covering, which has concealed the house, is removed, and Mother Goose opens the door and comes out. She stops on the front of the platform, lays her cane on the table, slowly removes her spectacles, takes out her red handkerchief and wipes them, and then replaces them. Then she takes out a snuff-box and pretends to take snuff and sneeze, using her red handkerchief. After dropping a courtesy, she speaks slowly in a sharp voice.]

MOTHER GOOSE. I——[walks about the stage.] I——[a pause during which she moves about, coughs, and uses her handkerchief.] I am Mother Goose, a poor, simple old body, that makes verses to get children to sleep. I'm pretty old. I aint afraid to tell my age. I would tell you how old I am if I only knew, but it's been so long since I was a gosling that I've forgotten how long it is. If my memory serves me right, I think I'm a tough old goose, more than a thousand years old. I rocked Shem, Ham, and Japhet to sleep when Noah was alive. I don't mean Noah Webster, but Captain Noah that sailed in the ark. I would sing you some of my songs, but I am afraid to. My verses are just like soothing sirup, and if I should sing, you would all snore the accompaniment in five minutes. But I'll repeat one verse:

Hey diddly diddle,
The cat played the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

For my part I think that dish was a little spooney. But the little dog! Would you like to see the little dog that laughed. He's a funny fellow [laughing]; shall I bring him out? [Mother Goose returns to the door of her house and receives from within a covered basket of pretty large size. Carries it to the front and sets it on the table.] The dog's in that basket. I'll let him out in a minute. He's a funny fellow. [Takes a pinch of snuff and wipes her nose and eyes with the red handkerchief.] Now for our little dog. He wont bite you, my dear children. He only laughs. [She removes the basket to the floor.] Now, Fido, I'm going to let you out. You can laugh a little for these children. Do you want to get out, Fido? [Opens the basket very slowly and cautiously.] Now you can come out, doggie. Here, Fido! Here! [She moves

away from the basket and addresses the audience.] He's afraid, poor fellow. Here, Fido! Come out, poor little doggie! I'll have to take him out. [She slowly stoops down and makes a show of petting a dog in the basket.] Poor fellow, he should come out; yes he should. Don't you bite me now. [Lifts out a toy dog and holds it up in plain view.]

That's the doggie. Poor little fellow! Laugh a little now, laugh! He'll laugh in a minute. [Squeezes the box beneath the dog so that it makes a barking sound.] There! I told you he would laugh. [Makes him bark again and again.] Now he's tired. He shall go back into the basket, and then he shall have his dinner, so he shall.

[Calls.] Simon! Simon! Simple Simon!

[Enter Simple Simon with a fishing-rod in one hand and a pail in the other.]

SIMON. Ma'am?

MOTHER GOOSE. Here, take this dog into the house and feed him.

SIMON. I don't want to.

MOTHER GOOSE. You must, though.

SIMON. I want to go fishing. [Sets down his pail in the farther part of the platform and baits his hook with a piece of paper. Then he lets his hook hang in the pail.]

MOTHER GOOSE. [Addressing the audience.] That is Simple Simon. I made a verse about him:

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Here, Simon, take this basket into the house.

SIMON. Can't. I'm fishing. [Jerks up his line eagerly.]

MOTHER GOOSE. You must.

SIMON. I wont.

MOTHER GOOSE. [Seizes him by the collar and shakes him.] You wont, eh?

SIMON. [Scratching his head.] I was just going to catch a whale!

MOTHER GOOSE. I'll whale you. Take that basket into the house and feed the dog, and send the Old Bachelor out.

MOTHER GOOSE. [Wiping her spectacles.] That boy is such a trial. There's the Old Bachelor now, he's 'cute. I made a few verses about him. [Recites in a sentimental sing-song.]

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.

* See "Letter Box."

The rats and the mice, they made such a strife
That I had to go to London to buy me a wife.

[*Sotto voce.*] Wives were dear in those days,—cost
twenty-five cents apiece.



The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
That I had to fetch the wife home on a wheelbarrow.

[Enter the Old Bachelor with empty wheelbarrow.]

The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,
And away went wheelbarrow, wife and all!

[The Bachelor wheels twice or three times across the stage. Then he stops in front of the door. The wife comes out. She sits on the wheelbarrow and he wheels her about the stage two or three times, while Mother Goose points at them with her cane, and nods in dumb show at the audience; then he lets the barrow fall, tipping the wife out. He seizes her and replaces her, but she leaps out and runs into the house, while he takes the wheelbarrow and goes after her.]

MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Boy Blue come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn.

[Enter Boy Blue, who blows his horn in Mother Goose's face, while she stops her ears and dances about the platform. At last she cuffs him until he sits down on a chair. As she turns away he gives one more toot, whereupon she seizes her cane and shakes it at him. He makes show of putting his horn to his mouth several times, but desists each time, when Mother Goose shakes her cane over him.]

MOTHER GOOSE.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

[During this recitation, Tom enters by the door, steals the pig hidden in the evergreens, and, putting it on his shoulder, sneaks across the stage. Just as Mother Goose finishes the stanza, she turns about and discovers him behind her with the pig.]



MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, there you are, you sneaking little thief! I 'll give it to you. [She seizes

the broom, which stands against the house, and dashes after him. Tom runs three or four times round the stage, chased by Mother Goose, who is followed in turn by Boy Blue blowing his horn; at last Tom runs in at the door, and Mother Goose chases Boy Blue about with her broom and drives him within, his horn blowing until he disappears.] I 'm agitated. [Wipes her spectacles.] Boys are so illustrous! They 've set me all in a tremble, I do declare. I 'll call Mary. Mary! Mary! [Enter Mary.] My dear, I am all upset and overturned and frustrated in my nerves by those rude boys.

MARY. I 'm sorry, Mother Goose. Can I help you?

MOTHER GOOSE. To be sure you can, my dear. Go and bring your precious little lamb out here. He 's so lovely and so pacifying. [Exit Mary.] Now, while Mary 's gone to find her lamb, I 'll show you the bone that old Mother Hubbard got for her dog. [She takes up an empty box from the table and opens it, turns it upside down as though expecting something to fall out.] That 's the bone. For you remember that

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got NONE!



[Wipes her spectacles, and takes snuff.] I wish Mary would come. P'raps I 'd better say that po'ry about her, though I did n't make it myself. I don't think you 've ever heard it:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was very likely 'most always to go, you know.
It went with her to Sunday-school one day;
And that was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play,
To hear a little lamb bleating right out loud in school.
And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And nipped the grass and nosed about,
And stuck his head in the water-spout,
And wiggled and twisted to get it out,
And scratched his head with his toe, no doubt,
Till Mary did appear.

Here she comes now. Bring him out, Mary, bring him out, and let us see the dear little lamb.

[Enter Mary leading the lamb by a cord about his neck. They pass to the front where Mary pets the lamb. She afterward leads him off the stage.]

MOTHER GOOSE.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cry.

"Why, the lamb 's a little goose, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

[Knocking heard at the door within.] Now, who's that? Some of my people that want to come out here and show themselves off, I suppose, and can't wait for the right time. [Proceeds to the door and opens it. Enter the Man in the Moon and the Man in the South. The latter carries a pan or dish from which he is eating something, making signs that it is too hot for him.] Now what do you two moon-struck and sun-struck men want here? [They proceed to the front of the platform and bow.]

MAN IN THE MOON [recites slowly.]

The Man in the Moon came down too soon
To ask the way to Norwich. [Pronounce Norridge.]

MAN IN THE SOUTH [recites.]

The Man in the South, he burnt his mouth
By eating cold plum porridge.

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh! now! is that all? Well, you might as well have staid at home if that's all.

[The Man in the Moon and the Man in the South walk slowly about the stage. The Man in the South offers the Man in the Moon some porridge, which the latter eats with every sign of burning his mouth.]

MOTHER GOOSE. Simpletons! Go back and eat your cold plum porridge at home, and send the Old Woman and her Hen out here to me. [Exeunt the two men.] I wish that Old Woman and her Hen would come. [Calls.] Chickee! Chickee! Chickee! Chick! Chick!

[Enter the Old Woman followed by the Hen. They walk about the stage, stopping every now and then, the Old Woman dropping courtesies to the Hen, and the Hen bowing solemnly to the Old Woman. They stop at length on the front of the platform, where the Old Woman says.]

I had a little Hen, the prettiest ever seen.
She washed me the dishes and kept the house clean.

Is n't that so, my little Hen? [The Hen bows.]

She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour.

Did n't you, old Hen? [The Hen bows again.]

She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

Did n't you, Hen?

HEN. Of course I did. [The Old Woman drops a courtesy to the audience; the Hen bows, and follows her as she walks toward the door of the house.]

MOTHER GOOSE. You're a real good Hen. [The Hen turns and bows to Mother Goose. Exeunt Old Woman and Hen.]

MOTHER GOOSE. Now I think it is time you had some refreshments. I hung up a stocking, and I hope Santa Claus has put something good in it for you. [She steps back from the front and, pointing with her cane to the ceiling, recites.]

Stocking! Stocking! now appear
To the children waiting here!

[The cords attached to the foot of the stocking are now let go at the ends in reach, and so relaxed that the stocking hangs in full view of the audience. After a minute, Mother Goose recites.]

Stocking! Stocking! to the floor
Come down lower, lower, lower,
Open your mouth and show your store!

[While she speaks, the stocking is lowered. Mother Goose opens it and finds a bag of candy, etc. This bag she opens and tastes.] That's very good. What a fellow Santa Claus is! Here are some bags of candy and good things. We must get this into the house and empty it. [Goes to the door and calls.] Come out, all of you. Here's a lot of good things. [All the characters in costume come out and stand round the stocking.] Now let us carry this inside and empty it.

[The stocking is carried in, and the candy, etc., previously deposited in the house, is brought out and distributed.]



THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



CHILDREN dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed,—
The little seed, that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange
Is the seed, in its wondrous change;
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,
And the golden wealth of the harvest-field.

Ever, around and above,
Works the Invisible Love:
It lives in the heavens and under the land,
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's hand.

—Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

Awake for us, heart and eye,
Are watchers behind the sky:
There are unseen reapers in every band,
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wonderful light breaks through
From above, on the work we do,
We can see how near us our helpers are,
Who carry the sickle, and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know
That good seed never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,
Who scatter the sunbeams, and pour the rain!

—Child, with the sower sing!
Love is in everything!
The secret is deeper than we can read:—
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

TELEGRAPH-BOYS.

BY W. A. LINN.



MESSENGERS' WAITING ROOM IN WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

EVERYBODY has heard of the enterprise of New York's business *men*, their wonderful success in building up our foreign commerce, developing internal trade, and in many ways controlling the traffic of a continent. But it is very easy to overlook the fact that working side by side with these men, is an army of business *boys*, to whom all branches of trade are indebted for assistance, and without whose aid more than one industry would suffer at least serious inconvenience. Everybody living in a city sees the telegraph messenger hurrying along the street; hears the news-boy shouting out the names of his papers; is offered on every hand the services of the boot-black, or comes in contact with the cash-boy or office-boy. But one is apt to forget that all these boys, and many others not so well known, are really "in business," and that they are entitled to be so regarded. Their occupations, too, are divided much as those of their elders. Some, like the news-boys and boot-blacks, are capitalists, doing business on their own account. Others, like some of the telegraph-boys, act as agents, receiving a sort of commission or percentage on the business which they do. Others still, like office-boys and cash-boys, are simply clerks, paid to render a particular kind of service.

There are plenty of boys in the country, too, who

are steady, hard workers, and some of these even poets have not forgotten to write about. Indeed, if the business boys all over the land were to have justice done to them in the way of description, it would require the writing of a whole book; and a very interesting book it might be made, too. I propose now, however, only to tell my readers some facts about telegraph-boys, who are not seen out of the large cities; and those of whom I shall speak are in New York, where, as that is the largest city in this country, a great many of these boys are employed.

Every one who lives in New York, and those who visit that city, see in the streets a great many boys wearing a very neat uniform, who hurry along as if they were intrusted with very important business, as indeed they are. These are the telegraph-boys or messengers. It will be found that they are not all dressed alike, and a little inquiry will show that this is because they are in the employ of different companies. Not many years ago, the use of the telegraph was very costly, and it was employed only for important business. Now, however, inventors have so applied it that it can, in a large city, be made to do a multitude of services at a very small cost. So in New York we find that there are two classes of telegraph companies, one principally

employed in sending messages between distant places, and one which works only in the city. In each of these branches, boys have a great deal to do.

Let us first make the acquaintance of the boys employed by that great corporation, the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose wires extend over every state and territory, and whose headquarters are in the great building at the corner of

trimmings, and they wear caps to correspond. In rainy weather, each boy wears a complete covering of rubber cloth, and so, for them an umbrella is never necessary. So rapidly are they expected to do their work, that even the very short time lost in opening and shutting umbrellas is held to be worth considering.

The number of boys employed by this company varies with the season of the year; for with tele-



"THEY SEEM TO FORGET THAT MY TIME IS VALUABLE."

Broadway and Dey street in New York. If at any hour of the day or night you enter a door on the Dey street side of this building, about fifty feet distant from Broadway, you will find yourself in a good-sized comfortable room, fitted up with some plain benches, on which are seated a number of the telegraph-boys whom you see so often in the street. The uniforms of the Western Union boys consist of suits of dark-blue cloth with red

graph companies as with other kinds of business, there are busy times and dull times. The largest number is employed in the main office in the spring and autumn, when it sometimes reaches one hundred. In February, I found about eighty boys on the pay-roll, and this may be taken as a fair average. Beside the main office, this company has nineteen branch offices in the city, each with its messengers, and these offices add seventy boys to the list.

Now I will tell you something about the work of these boys. You can readily see that with so many boys in its employ, each entrusted many times a day with important messages, for the safe and prompt delivery of which the company is responsible, it is necessary to manage their work by a set of strict rules, so that if a boy is slow or careless he may be known at once among all his comrades. Long experience has shown how this can be done, and all the regulations of the office are made so as to get from each boy the best service possible.

In the first place, the boys are not paid by the day or week, but so much for each message delivered. This gives every boy an incentive to deliver every message as promptly as possible, and to hurry back for another one. For each message which a boy delivers, he receives two cents for each answer that he brings warded from the office, he receives three cents. This explains why a telegraph-boy is always ready to wait for an answer. The amount of money which a boy can earn in a day thus depends, it will be seen, on his own activity. It is found that the average number of messages delivered from the main office every day is three thousand, and the average number delivered by each boy is thirty-five. A boy who is a slow walker or inclined to be lazy will not deliver so many, while a very active boy will deliver more. Now, do you know how far a boy will have to walk in a day, delivering these messages and returning to the office? Not less than nineteen miles! And this does not include going up and down stairs, which is no small matter in

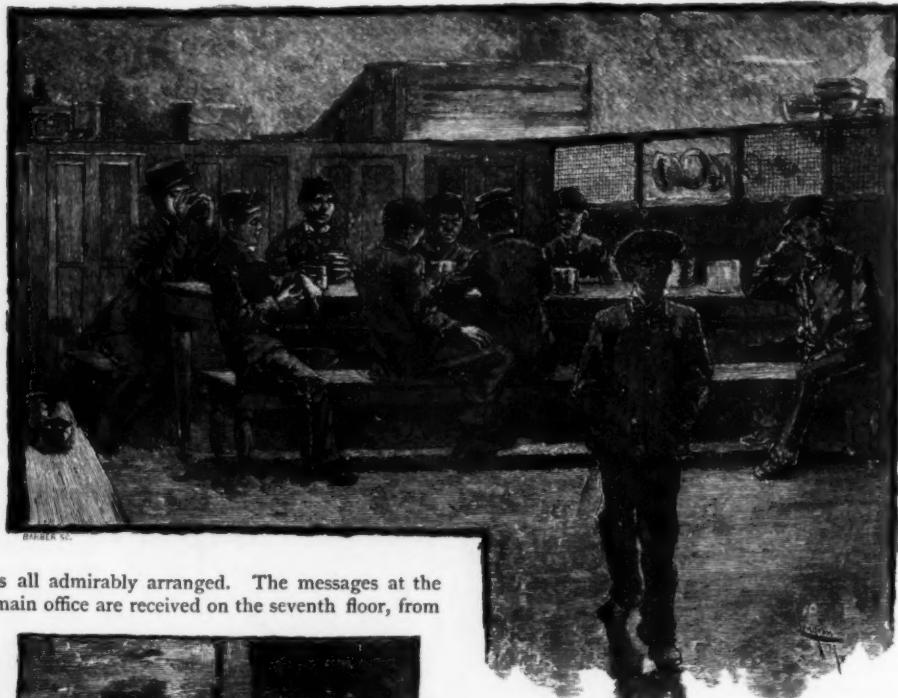
and a half cents, and
back to be for-
ceives

the busi-
ness streets,
where offices
are found all
the way from
the ground floor
to sixth and sev-
enth stories. You may
be sure that, to telegraph-boys,
elevators are welcome machines.

As it is necessary for the person in charge of the boys to know who are diligent and who are not, a very careful record of each boy's work is kept, showing just how long he is absent in delivering each message. This record shows that the average time required is, with a surprisingly small variation from week to week, eight minutes and fifteen seconds. If the average time becomes greater than this, the superintendent at once concludes that some of the boys are becoming dilatory, and he examines the whole record to find out who are the lazy ones, and calls them to account.

Of course, where so many boys are employed, it is necessary to have some plan by which each will have the same

chance to show his activity. There are not messages enough to keep every boy employed all the time; and, without a proper arrangement, even active boys might not secure a fair share of the work. This



is all admirably arranged. The messages at the main office are received on the seventh floor, from



TIRIED OUT.

which run wires connecting with almost all parts of the world. As soon as an operator has written a

LUNCH-ROOM AT THE WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

message that has come in, it is sent down to the ground floor through a tube. On its arrival there, a clerk takes it and writes on it a number, beginning with No. 1, for the first message received each day. It is then put through a steam copying-press, and is next passed to a clerk, who puts it into an envelope, on which he writes the number and the address. This clerk passes it to still another clerk, who copies, on a sheet of paper properly prepared, the number of the message and the number of the boy who is to deliver it.

The distribution of the messages among the boys is made as follows: Each boy, as he comes into the office in the morning, receives what is called a "delivery sheet,"—that is, a sheet of paper with blanks in which to write the numbers of messages, the time of leaving the office, the name and address of the receiver, and the time of the messenger's return. Each messenger is known by his number, and each of them has a pasteboard cover for his "delivery sheet," on which his number is written. These sheets, in their covers, are put into a rack by the side of the clerk last mentioned above, and he always puts a message, when ready, into the

cover nearest to him, and calls out the number of the boy to whom it belongs. When a boy comes back from the delivery of a message, he puts his cover into the rack behind those already there, and sits down to wait until it reaches the clerk. Thus there is no chance for any partiality, and the sooner a boy gets back to the office, the sooner will another message be ready for him.

You can see, by what you have read, that a telegraph-boy does not lead a lazy life. His hours of duty, if he is a day boy, are from 7 A. M. until 6.30 P. M. Of course, only a few boys are required to deliver messages at night, as a rule. But there are times in the year when a great many messages come in for delivery between 1 and 7 A. M. At such times, ambitious boys are given an opportunity to do extra work. Sometimes, a boy can do a good day's work by 8 A. M., and he is then allowed by the superintendent to "lie off," or, as you will better understand it, take a holiday. If a boy in this business does have a holiday, he usually has the satisfaction of knowing that a good day's work and a day's pay have already been set down to his credit.

I have told you that all these boys wear uniforms. If you have ever noticed them, you have perhaps wondered how they could keep these uni-

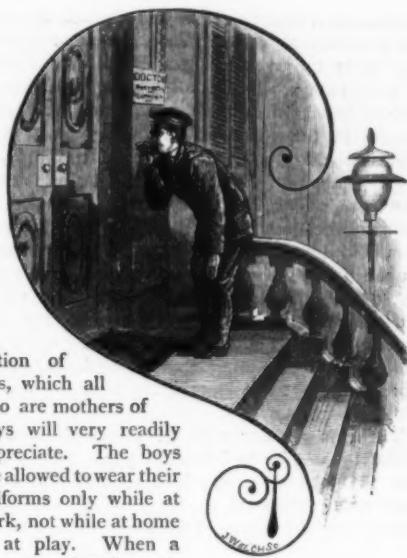
nation of this, which all who are mothers of boys will very readily appreciate. The boys are allowed to wear their uniforms only while at work, not while at home or at play. When a boy enters the telegraph company's employment he is provided with a complete uniform. This suit of clothes he must pay for, but he is not required to do so all at once. Every week, a certain



A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

forms looking so fresh and neat, tramping around as they do all day long. There is an easy expla-

sum is deducted from his wages, and thus the clothes are purchased without being a severe tax



CALLING A DOCTOR.



CARRYING A GIFT OF A BOUQUET.

on him, as it would be if he was required to make full payment at the outset, since most of the boys have to give their wages to the support of their homes. If these boys were allowed to wear their uniforms when the day's work was over, playing in the streets and lounging about their houses would soon spoil them. Accordingly, a large room is provided with hooks, all of which are numbered, and before a boy leaves the office for his home he goes to this room, takes off his uniform and gives it to an attendant, who hangs it upon a hook corresponding with the boy's number, and returns to him his ordinary suit, which has been hanging on this hook during the day. Once a week, a tailor looks over all the uniforms, and does any mending that he finds necessary. Thus it is that a telegraph-boy always looks so neatly dressed.

There is another class of telegraph-boys, to whom I now wish to introduce you. I have told you that the telegraph is now made to do a great many services in the large cities. Instead of merely sending messages from one person to an-



IN WET-WEATHER COSTUME.

other, instruments are placed in private houses, and the occupants, by merely pressing a knob, can



READY FOR DUTY.

summon a policeman, or give an alarm in case of fire, or call a messenger to do any service that may be required. The principal company in New York which controls such a telegraph system, is the American District Telegraph Company. The boys in this company's employ have many duties to perform which are not required of the Western Union boys, and they therefore have a great many things to learn before they can be provided with work. When the hirer of a District instrument calls for a messenger, the boy can never know what he may be wanted for. He may be told to hurry for a physician, he may be given a package for delivery, or a bill to collect, or he may be sent by a broker to deliver stock or to have a check certified,—in fine, his duties are too varied for me to name them all. When it is remembered that about 4,500 District instruments are now in use in New York, and that 1,513,265 messages were delivered by the District boys in the year ended September 30, 1877, some notion of the manifold services required of them can be formed.

It is easy to see that an inexperienced and unskillful messenger in such an employment would only prove himself a nuisance to the public and an injury to the company. Every boy, therefore,

who is employed by the American District Telegraph Company is put into a training-school, and this school is a very interesting one.

When I first made its acquaintance, in the winter of 1877, I found it in the second story of a very plain-looking building at No. 33 Bridge street,—and Bridge street, as even some New Yorkers may need to be told, runs toward Broadway from Broad

way. The school-room is provided with wooden benches, like those found in old-fashioned country district schools, but the instruction given is entirely in regard to the business of the company. Every candidate for a place must know how to read and write before he can be put into the school. It is of course necessary for the boys to know the situation of every street in the city. A large map of the city is therefore placed before them, with the streets marked on it, but without their names. The teacher points out different streets to his pupils, and they are required to name them. In this way a messenger-boy soon acquires a more complete knowledge of the city's thoroughfares than many an old resident can boast of. In one part of the room are telegraph instruments such as the company uses, and the boys are taught how to send and receive messages on them. Then there is a miniature bank, where they are taught about the use of checks, and there is a kind of make-believe broker's office, where they are taught how to deliver stock, etc. Much attention is given to the instruction in the bank and in the broker's office, as bankers and brokers use the messenger-boys constantly.

There is, beside all this, a great deal for the boys to learn about the company's methods of business, which I need not explain in detail.

street, down in the neighborhood of Bowling Green. The school has since been moved to the new head-quarters of the company at No. 699 Broad-

way. They must make themselves familiar with the "tariff-book," which tells them how much a boy must charge for going from any one place in the



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE Elevated RAILROAD.

city to any other. They must learn the use of the different kinds of tickets, on which the temporary record of their service is kept. They must know when to charge for a car or stage fare and when it is proper for them to walk.

The boys, too, are drilled at the school in regard to a great many particulars of discipline and service. A few of their catechisms are as follows:

Q.—When a call is received, what is to be done?

A.—The boy whose turn it is to answer must run to the place whence the call comes.

Q.—On arriving at a house, what must he do?

A.—He must wipe his feet carefully, and on entering must take off his cap and place it under his left arm. He must then ask for the person who called, and when he receives his message he must ask: "Is there any answer?" or "If the person is not in, shall I leave it?"

Q.—If a subscriber calls by mistake for a messenger when he wants a policeman or to send a fire alarm, what must the messenger do?

A.—He must at once ask to see the instrument, and must send the proper call, in order to avoid delay.

Q.—If a messenger receives a large bundle on a rainy day, what must he do?

A.—He must return to the office for a rubber covering.

Boys who are qualifying themselves to become messengers must attend this school from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. until their training is completed. The number of pupils varies with the season of the year. In the autumn it sometimes reaches sixty, while in summer the number of boys in this training-school may dwindle down to twelve or fifteen.

It will readily be surmised that boys employed by the District company cannot be paid as are the boys of the Western Union Company, because their services are so different. The District boys are paid by the week, and their wages begin even while they are pupils. When in the training-school, they get one dollar a week, and when they enter on their regular duties, this pay is raised to four dollars a week. But there are grades of promotion, and a boy who becomes a sergeant, and then has general charge of an office, giving out the uniforms, etc., is paid five dollars a week.

The uniforms of the District boys are made of blue cloth, manufactured expressly for the company, with red trimmings. Each uniform costs \$12, and to pay for it \$1.25 is deducted from each boy's weekly wages as long as is necessary. If a boy is discharged, he may keep his uniform, if it is paid for, or, if he so wishes, the company will purchase it of him, if it is in good condition. The same rule applies in this company about leaving the uniforms at the office after the day's work is over, as I mentioned in connection with the Western Union boys.

The American District Telegraph Company employs on an average 550 boys, who are distributed throughout the city among twenty-three offices. Each office has from five to eighty boys in attendance, according to its location, and every boy is expected to serve ten hours a day. In some of the offices, constant employment cannot be found for all the boys during this time, and one form of promotion is to send a boy to an "easy district."

When a boy arrives at his office in the morning,



CARRYING NEWSPAPER DISPATCHES ON A WINTER NIGHT.

he goes to the sergeant, who notes if he is on time or not. Then he puts on his uniform and reports to the manager, who ascertains whether or not his hands are clean and his hair is neatly brushed. If he passes this examination successfully, he takes a seat ready for duty. The boys respond to calls in the order of their numbers early in the morning; afterward they take their turns.

A faithful boy in the employ of this company is never discharged merely because business is dull, the resignations of boys who tire of their duties or leave for other causes, and the dismissal of boys who are unsatisfactory, rapidly decreasing the force when additions are not made. It has required no little skill so to arrange the service that inefficient messengers may be detected among so many; but this has been accomplished by an admirable system of records, and discipline is enforced by means of fines and extra hours, which soon lessen the wages, or prolong the period of daily service, of those boys who prove remiss.

Such is an outline of the duties of the telegraph-messengers. To boys who are compelled to support themselves, or to assist in the support of a family, this employment offers many advantages. The work is healthy, because of the constant exercise which the boys are required to take; and it is noticed that boys who, when hired, are puny and

delicate, often become rugged and gain in flesh in a few months. The pay is larger than boys obtain in many other kinds of employment, and they are under a sort of discipline which makes them methodical and tends to correct many bad habits. They are not, it is true, learning any trade which they may follow through life; but those messengers who choose to study telegraphy are said to make especially good operators. The present manager of the messenger service in the Western Union building was formerly a messenger boy, as were once the superintendents of the Western Union offices in two of our large cities.

Useful as is the telegraph, we should not forget that it is the boys who connect its wires with our offices and our homes. Electricity will transmit our messages across a continent or beneath an ocean, but the aid of the boys must be called in to bridge the gap that remains between the instrument and the final destination. The telephone and the phonograph, which already have done what seems to be almost miraculous work, may in time be made the means of conveying a message directly from the telegraph instrument to the person to whom it is addressed. But, until this is accomplished, we must acknowledge our dependence on the messenger-boys and fairly recognize them as persons of business.

HOW CRUEL IS FATE!

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

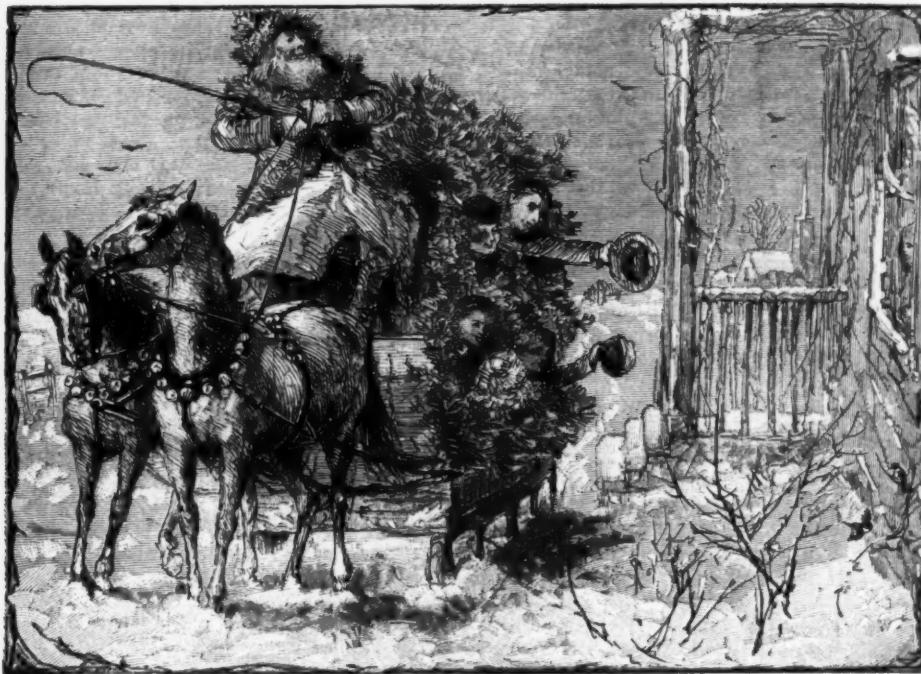
THERE was a young man with a shaddock,
Who met a young maid with a haddock.
He thought, "How I wish
She would give me that fish,
In legal exchange for my shaddock!"

The maiden, who did not like haddock,
Thought, "Oh, what a beautiful shaddock!
If I were not so shy,
I should certainly try
If he'd give me that fruit for my haddock."

He went on his way with his shaddock;
She went on her way with her haddock;
And so cruel is fate
That, until 'twas too late,
Neither one of them heard
That, by speaking the word,
He might just as well have had haddock,
And *she* might as well have had shaddock!

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A WOOD-SLED.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



"FOUR VOICES SHOUTED, 'MERRY CHRISTMAS!'" [SEE PAGE 166.]

"KEEPS coming right down, don't it, Bill?"

Bill could not deny it, and did not wish to admit it; therefore, he said nothing.

What was coming down was the snow. It had been falling, thicker and faster, since a little after daylight, and now it was nearly dark. Stumps of trees and gate-posts were capped with great white masses of it; here and there a path, cleared up to the back door of a farm-house, showed on either hand a high bank of it fluted with broom or shovel.

The boy, whose observation about its coming down I have just recorded, was Master Winfield Scott Burnham. He was a slender boy, with a pale face, dark eyes, and brown hair, and he sat pressing his face against the pane of a car window, looking with rather a rueful countenance upon the fast-falling snow. The young gentleman sitting opposite him, whom he had made bold to address as Bill, was his big brother, a junior in college,

who had long been Win's hero; and he was worthy to be the hero of any small boy, for he was not only strong and swift and expert in all kinds of muscular sports, but he was too much of a man ever to treat small boys, even though they might be his own brothers, roughly or contemptuously.

Just across the aisle, on the other side of the car, sat Win's eldest sister, Grace, who was a sophomore at "Smith" College; and fronting her on the reversed seat was Win's younger brother, Philip Sheridan.

The reason why these Burnhams happened to be traveling together was this: The Christmas vacation had come, and William and Grace were on their way to their home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The two small boys, whose school at home had closed a week earlier than the colleges, had been visiting their cousins in Hartford for a few days; and it was arranged that William should

come over from Amherst and join Grace at Northampton, and that the two should wait at Springfield for the little boys, who were to be put on the northern train at Hartford by their uncle. But the trains on all the roads had been greatly delayed by the snow, and it was four o'clock before the noon express, with the Burnhams on board, left Springfield for the West. The darkness was closing in, and the wind was rising, and William had already expressed some fear of a snow-blockade upon the mountain. This remark had made Win rather sober, and he had been watching the snow and listening to the wind with an anxious face.

"How long shall we be going to Pittsfield?" he asked his brother.

"There's no telling," answered Will. "We ought to get there in two hours, but at this rate it will be four at the shortest."

"That will make it eight o'clock," sighed Win. "I'm afraid the Christmas tree will all be unloaded before that time."

"Yes, my boy; I'm sorry, but you might as well make up your mind to that."

Win started across the car. This disappointment was too big for one. He must share it with Phil.

"Hold on, General!" said William, in a low tone. "What's the good of telling him? Let him be easy in his mind as long as he can."

Win sat down in silence. Phil was telling his sister great stories of the Hartford visit, and his gleeful tones resounded through the car. Grace was laughing at his big talk, and they seemed to be making a merry time of it. But the train had just stopped at Westfield, and there was difficulty in starting. The wind howled ominously, and great gusts of snow came flying down from the roof of the passenger house against the windows of the car. Presently, the two engines that were drawing the train backed up a little to get a good start, and then plunged into the snow.

"Ch——h! Ch—h! ch—ch! Ch-h-h-h-h!"

The wheels were slipping upon the track, and the train suddenly came to a halt.

Back again they went, a little further, for another start; and this time the two engines, like "two hearts that beat as one," cleared the course, and the train went slowly on up the grade. Grace and Phil had stopped talking, and they now came across and joined their brothers.

"Are n't you afraid there may be trouble on the mountain, Will?" asked Grace.

"Should n't wonder," said that gentleman, shortly.

"But, Will, what in the world should we do if we should happen to be blockaded?"

"Sit still and wait till we were shoveled out, I suppose. You see, we could n't go on afoot very well."

"Going to be snowed up! That's tip-top!" cried Phil. The boy's love of adventure had crowded out all thoughts of the festival to which they were hastening. "I read in the paper about a train that was snowed up three or four days on the Pacific road, and the passengers had jolly times; the station was n't very far off, and they got enough to eat and drink, and they had all sorts of shows on the train."

"But I'd rather see the show at the Christmas tree to-night," said Win, "than any show we'll see on this old train. Would n't you, Bill?"

"Perhaps so," answered Bill. It was evident that he had reasons of his own for not wishing to be absent from the festival.

Meantime, the train was ploughing along. Now and then it came to a halt in a cut which the snow had filled, but a small party of shovellers that had come on board at Westfield usually succeeded, after a short delay, in clearing the track. Still, the progress was very slow. A full hour and a half was consumed between Springfield and Russell, and it was almost seven o'clock when the train stopped at Chester.

The boys were pretty hungry by this time, and the prospect of spending the night in a snow-bank was much less attractive, even to Phil, than it had been two hours before. At Chester, where there was a long halt, the passengers—of whom there were not many—nearly all got out and refreshed themselves. A couple of sandwiches, a piece of custard pie, a big, round doughnut and a glass of good milk, considerably increased Phil's courage and greatly comforted Win, so that they returned to the car ready to encounter with equal mind the perils of the night.

The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind was still blowing. Two or three more shovellers came on board, and, thus reinforced, the train pushed on. But it was slow work; the grade was getting heavier and the drifts were deeper every mile. But Middlefield was passed and Becket was left behind, and at nine o'clock the train was slowly toiling up toward the summit at Washington, when, suddenly, it came to a halt, and a long blast was blown by the whistles of both engines. Shortly, a brakeman came through the train, and, taking one of the red lanterns from the rear of the last car, hurried down the track with it.

"Where is he going with that lantern?" asked Phil.

"He is going back a little way," said Will. "The lantern is a signal to keep other trains from running into us. That means that we are to stay

here for some time. I'll go out and see what's up."

Presently, he returned with a sober face, and looking very cold.

"Well, what is it?" they all asked.

"O, nothing; there's a freight-train in the cut just ahead of us with two of its cars off the track, and the cut's about half full of snow. If our Christmas goose is n't cooked already, there'll be plenty of time to have it cooked before we get out of this."

"Is it that deep cut just below the Washington station?" asked Grace.

"The same," answered Will; "and it's as likely a place to spend Christmas in as you could find anywhere in Western Massachusetts."

"Can't they dig out the snow?" cried Win.

"Oh yes," said the big brother, "but it's not an easy thing to do; it's got to be done with shovels, and it will take a long time."

"How long?" asked Grace, ruefully.

"Nobody knows. But we shall be obliged to wait for more shovellers and wreckers to come up from Springfield, and I should n't wonder at all if we staid here twenty-four hours."

"Can't you telegraph to father?"

"I'm sorry to say I can not. I asked about that, but the station man says the lines are down. No; there's nothing to do but bunk down for the night as well as we can, and wait till delivery comes. We're in a regular fix and no mistake, and we've just got to make the best of it," replied Will.

Just then the rear door of the car opened and a figure appeared that had not been seen hitherto upon the train. It was that of a stalwart man, perhaps fifty-five years old, with long white hair and beard, ruddy cheeks and bright gray eyes. He wore a gray fur cap and a long gray overcoat, and looked enough like—Somebody that we are all thinking of about Christmas time, to have been that Somebody's twin brother.

"Good evenin', friends!" he said, in a very jolly tone, as he shut the car-door behind him. "Pleased to receive a call from so many on ye. Merry Christmas to ye all! 'Taint often that I kin welcome such a big Christmas party as this to my place!"

The good-nature of the old farmer was irresistible. The passengers all laughed.

"I believe you," said a traveling salesman in a seal-skin cap; "and the sooner you bid us good riddance the better we shall like it."

"And you need n't mind about wishing us many happy returns either," said a black-whiskered man in a plaid ulster; "if we ever get away from here, you won't see us again soon!"

"What place is this?" inquired a gray-haired lady, who sat just in front of the Burnhams.

"Washin'ton's what they call it," said the jolly farmer. "Pop'lar name enough; but the place don't seem to be over pop'lar jest now, with some on ye." And he laughed a big jolly laugh.

"Is it, like our capital,—a 'city of magnificent distances'?" inquired the man in the ulster.

"I reckon it is. It's consid'able of a distance from everywhere else on earth. But it's nigher to heaven 'n any other place hereabouts."

"What is raised on this hill?" inquired the traveling salesman.

"Wind, mostly. Is that article in your line?"

The laugh was on the salesman, but he enjoyed it as well as any of them. A bit of a girl about three years old, tugging a flaxen-haired doll under one arm, here came sidling down the aisle of the car.

"Ith oo Thanty Kauth?" she said, lifting her great, solemn black eyes to the farmer's face. The laugh was on him now; and he joined in it uproariously.

"Not jest exackly, my little gal," he said, as he lifted her up in his arms; "but you've come purty nigh it. Sandy Ross is what they call me."

"Has oo dot a thleigh and a waindeer?" persisted the little maiden.

"No; but I've got a first-rate wood-sled,—pair o' bobs, with a wood rack on't,—'n' ez slick a span o' Canadian ponies ez ever ye see!"

The farmer stroked the dark hair of the little girl with his great hard hand, and she snuggled down on his shoulder as if he had been her grandfather.

The Burnhams had been joining in the merriment, though they had taken no part in the conversation. But when the little girl climbed down from the arms of Sandy Ross, Will arose and beckoned him to a vacant seat.

"How far from here do you live, Mr. Ross?"

"Right up the bank thar. That's my house, with a light 'n the winder."

It was a comfortable-looking white farm-house, with a sloping roof in the rear and a big chimney in the middle.

"Now, Mr. Ross, I live in Pittsfield, and I want mighty to get there before noon to-morrow. I don't believe this train will get there before to-morrow night. Could you take my sister, and those two little chaps and me, and carry us all home early to-morrow morning on your wood-sled, providing it is n't too cold to undertake the journey?"

"Le's see. Wall, yes; I calc'late I could. I was a-thinkin' 'bout goin' over to Pittsfield t'morrer with a little jag o' wood, 'n' I reckon live crit-

ters like you won't be no more trouble, ho! ho! The snow aint no gret depth; 'taint nigh's deep on 'tother side o' the mountain ez 't is on this side. There'll be drifts now 'n' then, but the fences is down, so that we kin turn inter the fields 'n' go round 'em."

"How long will it take you to drive over?"

"Le's see. 'Taint over fifteen or sixteen mile. I reckon I kin make it in three to four hours."

"Well, sir, if you'll get us over there safely before noon I'll give you five dollars."

"All right; that's enough; tew much, I guess. But see here, my friend; jest bring the young lady 'n' the little chaps up to my house 'n' spend the night there, all on ye. Then we kin hev an airy breakfast, 'n' start fair when we get good 'n' ready."

In less than five minutes the Burnhams, with bags and bundles, were following Sandy Ross to the door of the car.

This was the last that our travelers saw of their fellow-passengers on the Western Express. Late the next afternoon the train rolled into Pittsfield station, but the Burnhams were busy elsewhere about that time.

It was but a few steps from the train to Sandy Ross's house. William carried his sister through the deepest snow, and the boys trudged along with the bundles, highly pleased with the prospect of an adventure in a farm-house. Good Mrs. Ross was as blithe and hearty as her husband, and she soon made the young folks feel quite at home.

To Miss Grace "the spar' room," as Mrs. Ross called it, was assigned, while Will and the two boys found a sleeping-place in the attic. The dim tallow-candle that lighted them to bed disclosed all sorts of curious things. In one corner, facing each other, were two old, tall clocks that had long ceased ticking, and now stood with folded hands and silent pendulums, resting from their labors. An old chest of drawers, that would have been a prize for hunters of the antique, was near the clocks; braids of yellow seed-corn hung from the rafters, and at one end of the great room stood the hand-loom on which the mother of Mrs. Ross had been wont to weave cloth for the garments of her household. It was an heir-loom, in the literal sense. The boys thought that this garret would have been a grand place to ransack; but they were too well-bred to go prying about, and contented themselves with admiring what was before their eyes. It was not long before they were sound asleep in their snug nest of feathers; and, when they waked the next morning, breakfast was ready, and farmer Ross and brother Will had made all the preparations for the journey. To the excellent farmer's breakfast of juicy ham and eggs, genuine country

sausages, and delicious buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, they all did full justice.

"It does me good to see boys eat," said the kind farmer's wife; "they do enjoy it so;" and tears were in her eyes as she thought of the hungry boys that used to sit around this table. Farmer Ross and his wife were alone in the world. Two of their boys were sleeping in unmarked graves at Chancellorsville; the other had died when he was a baby. But they were not selfish people; they had learned to bear sorrow, and therefore their sorrow had not made them morose and miserable; it had only made them more kind and tender-hearted.

Breakfast over, the wood-sled came round to the door, and Mr. Ross looked in a moment to say a last word to his wife.

"You'd better make two or three pailfuls o' strong coffee, mother, 'n' bile three or four dozen aigs, 'n' heat up a big batch o' them air mince pies. The folks down here on the train 'll be mighty hungry this mornin', 'n' I've been down 'n' told 'em to come up here in 'bout half an hour, 'n' git what they want. Don't charge 'em nothin'; let 'em pay what they've a min' ter. P'raps some on 'em haint nothin' to pay with, 'n' they 'll need it jest as much as the rest. We must n't let folks starve that git storm-staid right at our front-door. And now all aboard for Pittsfield!"

The hearty thanks and farewells to good Mrs. Ross were soon said, and the Burnhams bundled out of the kitchen into the wood-sled. It was a long rack with upright stakes rising from a frame and held together by side rails, through which the ends of the stakes projected a few inches. A side-board, about a foot in width, had been placed within the stakes on either side, and the space so inclosed had been filled with clean oat-straw. Miss Grace wrapped Mrs. Ross's heavy blanket shawl round her seal-skin sacque, each of the two little boys did himself up in a blanket, William robed himself in his traveling-rug, and they all sat down in the straw, two fronting forward and two backward, and placed their feet against four hot flatirons, wound in thick woolen cloth, and laid together in a nest between them. Over their laps a big buffalo-robe was thrown, and Farmer Ross heaped the straw against their backs.

Away they went, shouting a merry good-by to the farmer's wife, secure against discomfort, and happy in the hope of reaching home in time for their Christmas dinner. Down in the railroad cut they saw the shovellers and the wreckers toiling at the disabled freight cars, but not much stir was visible about the express train that lay a little further down the track. The snow did not appear to be very deep, and the ponies skipped briskly along with their light load. Here and there was a

bare spot from which the snow had been blown, but not many drifts were found, and these were easily avoided, as Mr. Ross had said, by turning into the open fields.

Farmer Ross was as blithe as the morning. From his perch on a cross-board of the wood-rack he kept up a brisk talk with the group in the straw behind him.

"Fire 'nough in the stove?" he asked. "'Taint often that ye hev a stove like that to set 'round when ye go a sleigh-ridin'."

"All right, sir; it's warm as toast," said Win. "Genuine base-burner, is n't it."

"I should think your feet would be cold sitting up there," said Grace.

"O, no; not in this weather. 'Sides, if they do git cold I knock'em together a little, or else git off 'n' run afoot a spell, 'n' they're soon warm agin."

"Do you often go to Pittsfield?" asked William.

"Yes, every month or so. Gin'rally du my tradin' thar. Tek along a little suthin' to sell commonly,—a little jag o' wood, or a little butter, or a quarter o' beef, or suthin'. I meant to hev gone down last week, 'n' I had a big pile o' Christmas greens 't I meant to tek along to sell, but I was hindered, 'n' could n't go. There's the greens now—all piled up in the aidge o' the wood; I'd got 'em all ready. 'Fraid they wont be worth much next Christmas."

"O, Mr. Ross!" cried Grace; "would it be very much trouble for you to put that nearest pile of them on the back part of the sled? I can find use for them at home, I know, and I should like to take them with me ever so much!"

"Sartinly; no trouble at all;" and in two or three great armfuls the pile of beautiful coral pine was heaped upon the sleigh.

The morning wore on toward nine o'clock, and as the sun rose higher the air grew warmer. The roads were steadily improving, and the ponies trotted along at a nimble pace. The boys began to be tired of sitting still.

"I'm not going to burrow up in this straw any longer," said Win; "I'm going to get up and stir about a little."

"So am I," said Phil.

It was easy enough to stand on the sled while it was in motion. In rough places the boys could take hold of the rail of the wood-rack; and even if they fell it did not hurt them. Pretty soon Win, who had an artist's eye, began to pull out long vines of the evergreen and wind them round the stakes of the wood-rack.

"I say, Phil," he cried, "if we only had some string, we could fix this old frame so that it would look nobby!"

"Well, here's your string," said Will, produc-

ing a ball of twine from his overcoat-pocket and tossing it to his brother. "I put that in my pocket by mistake when I tied up my last package yesterday morning, and have been wishing it in Amherst ever since."

"Jolly!" shouted Win. "Now, Mr. Ross, you'll see what we'll make of your wood-sled."

"Goin' t' make a kind o' Cindereller coach on 't, hey? Well, go ahead! I sha'n't be ashamed on 't, no matter how fine ye fix it."

The boys' fingers flew. This was fun! Before long all the stakes were trimmed, and a spiral wreath of the evergreen had been run all round the side-rail of the rack. It really began to look quite fairy-like. William and Grace first laughed at the fancy of the boys, and then began to aid them with suggestions; and presently William was up himself, helping them in their work. Twine wound with the evergreen was run diagonally across from the top of each stake to the bottom of the nearest one; and the wood-rack began to look very much like what the poets call a "wild-wood bower." All it needed was a roof, and this was soon supplied. William borrowed Mr. Ross's big jack-knife, leaped from the sleigh, and cut eight willow rods, and they were speedily wound with the evergreen. Then the ends were made fast with twine to the railing of the rack on either side, and, arching overhead, they completed the transformation of the wood-sled into a moving arbor of evergreens.

The boys danced with merriment.

"Is n't it just gay?" cried Phil. "I never dreamed that we could make it look so pretty!"

"We could n't have done it, either," said Win, "if Bill and Grace had n't helped us. But what will the fellows say when they see us ridin' down the street?"

"What I am most curious to see," said Will, "is the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham and Baby Burnham, when this gay chariot drives up to their door! They're worrying about us powerfully by this time, and I reckon we've a jolly surprise in store for them."

"I hope they will not be as badly frightened," said Grace, "as Macbeth was when *he* saw 'Birnam wood' coming."

"Pretty good for sis," laughed William.

"What's the joke?" inquired Win.

"Too classic for small boys; you'll have to get up your Shakespear before you can appreciate it," answered the big brother.

"'Pears to me," now put in the charioteer from his perch, "that a rig ez fine ez this oughter have a leetle finer coachman. I aint 'shamed o' the sled, ez I said; but I dew think I oughter be fixed up a leetle mite to match!"

"You shall be," cried Grace. "Here, boys, help me to wind a couple of wreaths."

Very soon, two light, twisted wreaths of evergreen were ready, and Mr. Ross, with great laughter, threw them over each shoulder and under the opposite arm, so that they crossed before and behind, like the straps that support a soldier's belt. Then his fur cap was quickly trimmed with sprays of the evergreen, that rose in a bell-crown all round his head.

Their journey was almost done. How quickly the time had passed! Every few rods they met sleigh-loads of people, happy because Christmas

could get near hitched their hand-sleds to his triumphal car.

Miss Grace was hidden from sight by the evergreens, and she enjoyed the sport of the boys almost as much as they did.

Meantime, the hours were passing slowly at Mr. Burnham's. The father and mother had been too anxious about their children to sleep much during the night. They could get no word from the train after it left Chester, and the delay and uncertainty greatly distressed them. Mr. Burnham had just returned from the station with the news that the wires were up, and that the train had been heard



"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YE ALL!" [SEE PAGE 162.]

and the sleighing had come together, and bent on making the most of both. These merry-makers all looked with wonder upon our travelers as they drew near, and answered their loud shouts of "Merry Christmas!" with laughter and cheers.

They had not gone far through the streets of the village before their kite had considerable tail. Just what it meant the small boys did not know; but if this driver was not Santa Claus, he was somebody equally good-natured, for he bowed and laughed right and left, in the jolliest fashion, to the salutations of the boys, and as many of them as

from in the cut just beyond the summit, where it was likely to be kept the greater part of the day.

"Oh dear!" cried the mother. "I cannot have it so! Can't we get at them in some way? I'm afraid they will suffer with hunger. Then we had counted so much on this Christmas, and the children's fun is all spoiled. Think of them sitting all this blessed holiday, cooped up in those dreadful cars, waiting to be shoveled out of a snow-drift. It seems as if I should fly. I wish I could!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Burnham, soberly, "I am sorry that the holiday is spoiled, but I see

nothing that we can do. We can trust William to take good care of them and bring them all home safely; and we've got to be patient and wait."

Just then the heads of the ponies were turning in at the gate of the wide lawn in front of the house. The small boys who were following unhitched their hand-sleds, and the escort remained outside the gate.

"Drive slowly!" said William. "Give them a good chance to see us coming!"

Baby Burnham was at the window. "Thanty Kauth!" she cried. "Look! papa; look!"

"What does the child see!" said Mr. Burnham, going to the window. "Sure enough, baby. Do come here, my dear. What fantastical establishment is this coming up our drive-way? It's a bower of evergreens on runners, and an old man with a white beard and a white coat all trimmed up with greens sits up there driving. He seems to be shaking with laughter, too. What can it mean?"

Just then the wood-sled came alongside the porch, and, suddenly, out from between the garlanded sled-stakes four heads were quickly thrust and four voices shouted:

"Merry Christmas!"

"The children! Bless their hearts!"

In a minute more, father and mother and baby and the jolly travelers were all very much mixed up on the porch, and there was a deal of hugging and kissing and laughing and crying, while Farmer Ross on his own hook, or rather on his own wood-sled, was laughing softly, and crying a little, too. What made *him* cry I wonder? Presently, Mr. Burnham said:

"But, Will, you have n't made us acquainted yet with your charioteer."

"It is Mr. Ross, father. He took us into his house on Washington Mountain last night and treated us like princes, and this morning he has brought us home, and helped us in the heartiest way to carry out our fun."

"Mr. Ross, we are greatly your debtors," said Mr. Burnham. "You have relieved us of a sore anxiety, and brought us a great pleasure."

"Wall, I dunno," said the farmer; "I did n't like to think o' these 'ere children bein' kep' away from hum on Christmas day; 'n' ef I've helped 'em any way to hev a good time, why,—God bless 'em!—I don't think there's any better thing an old man like me could be doin' on sech a day as this!"

Just here Mr. Burnham's coachman came round the corner in great haste.

"Well, Patrick, what is it?" said his master.

"The shafts uv that sleigh—bad look till 'em! —is bruk, yer honor; 'n' I don't see how I'll iver git them bashkits carried round at all!"

"O, those baskets!" cried Mr. Burnham in distress. "Our Christmas baskets have n't been delivered yet, and it's almost eleven o'clock. The storm and our worry about you kept us from delivering them last night, and we have hardly thought of them this morning. I'm afraid those poor people will have a late Christmas dinner."

"Baskets o' stuff for poor folks's dinners?" said farmer Ross; "let me take 'em round."

"O yes, father!" shouted Win; "let Phil and me go with him! The baskets are marked, are n't they? It'll be jolly fun to deliver them out of this sled."

In a minute the baskets—half a dozen of them—were loaded in, and within half an hour they were all set down at the homes to which they were addressed. Poor old Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah hobbled to the door and took in their basket with eyes full of wonder at the strange vehicle that was just driving from their doors; the Widow Blanchard's children, playing outside, ran into the house when they saw the ponies coming, but speedily came out after their basket and carried it in, firm in the faith that they had had a sight of the veritable Santa Claus. To all the rest of the needy families the gifts, though late, were welcome; and the bright vision of the evergreen bower on runners brought gladness with it into all those lowly homes.

Farmer Ross went back with the boys to their home; his ponies were taken from the sled and given a good Christmas dinner in Mr. Burnham's stable; he himself was constrained to remain and partake of the feast that would not have been eaten but for him, and that lost none of its merriment because of him; and at length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Christmas car, stripped of its bravery, but carrying some goodly gifts to Mrs. Ross, started on its return to Washington Mountain.

My little friends who read this story will be glad to know that the Christmas festival at the church had been deferred on account of the storm from Christmas eve to Christmas evening; so that the Burnhams had a chance to assist at the unloading of the Christmas tree.

They will also guess that Farmer Ross's house and his barn and his orchard and his pasture and his woods and his trout-brook and his blackberry bushes and his dog and his ponies and his cows and his oxen and his hens and pretty nearly every thing that was his had a chance to get very well acquainted with Win and Phil during the next summer vacation. It will be a long time, I am sure, before the Rosses and the Burnhams cease to be friends, and before any of them will forget The Strange Adventures of a Wood-Sled.

DRESSING MARY ANN.



1. SHE came to me one Christmas day,
In paper, with a card to say:
2. "From Santa Claus and Uncle John,"—
And not a stitch the child had on!

3. "I'll dress you; never mind!" said I,
And brush your hair; now, don't you cry."
4. First, I made her little hose,
And shaped them nicely at the toes.



5. Then I bought a pair of shoes,—
A lovely "dolly's number twos."



6. Next I made a petticoat;
And put a chain around her throat.



7. Then, when she shivered, I made haste,
And cut her out an underwaist.



8. Next I made a pretty dress,
It took me 'most a week, I guess.



9. And then I named her Mary Ann,
And gave the dear a paper fan.



10. Next I made a velvet sacque
That fitted nicely in the back,



11. Then I trimmed a lovely hat,—
Oh, how sweet she looked in *that*!



12. And dear, my sakes, that was n't all,
I bought her next a parasol!



She looked so grand when she was dressed
You really never would have guessed
How very plain she seemed to be
The day when first she came to me.

HOW JOE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

BY MARION CONANT.

"WELL, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves in these hard times," said Bessie Foot, while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. "We can give up our birthdays or Christmas," began Bessie, slowly.

"That is a good idea," broke in Emily, the older sister. "These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon all our pockets."

"But what will Joe say?" This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision :

"Oh, perhaps he wont care."

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least, member in Mr. Foot's family. He had arrived late, after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came

—“to the world as a gentleman comes,
To a lodging ready furnished.”

He was now twelve years old, but had not “worn out his welcome.” Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. No one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all the little affairs of every day he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foot, who had struggled up through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the law, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character, and to suffer the first disturbing and perplexing doubt as to the future of a boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never be able, he feared, to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly thoughts and fears Mr. Foot carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foot was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless, pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so

it came about that there was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foot's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's, coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully—even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls and the books and the knives and the marbles were of the best, for “Joe is to have no presents at Christmas,” was the often expressed reason for extra indulgence on this particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait until Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on, and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable—an entirely new position in his experience. In fact, the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in other members of Mr. Foot's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foot, quietly reading, in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease, all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled, on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for, contrary to his custom, he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foot and her older daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foot was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: “Joe has hung up his stockings!” Mr. Foot laid his paper on his knees and the busy needles made slight pauses, but no one spoke.

“He has hung up both; he never hung up but one before!” added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

“That was naughty in Joe,” said Mrs. Foot, in a tone in which despair and apology were oddly mingled.

Mr. Foot meditated, apparently unheeding, while the girls went on with their sewing.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured a remark, and Mr. Foot still looked into the fire. Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long-forgotten Christmases, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eye-glasses from their perch and put them in his pocket; he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice said:

"Bessie, will you hand me my coat?"

"Why, are you going out?" exclaimed Mrs. Foot, looking up excitedly.

"Yes, I think I will take a short walk," replied Mr. Foot, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

"I believe I will go with you," said his wife, cheerily, and going at once for her hat and shawl.

"Let us go, too," said all the girls, with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and, Mr. and Mrs. Foot leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foot might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by one impulse, on an errand which not one of them would have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted; but Joe asleep, with those two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impersonation of that faith which moves mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily, Mr. Foot himself, first expressing some regret that the knife he gave Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality, and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's-book, which she very much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too,

remembered various little things that Joe liked, or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I cannot doubt that Joe smiled then in his sleep, and if the faithful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning, all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it was n't Sunday, still, he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in a seldom-used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should descend to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into his boy's closet just then, as Joe was taking out from their hiding-place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking-feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still cozily abed.

This done, Joe went on to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was! Every one was so pleased with the pretty present Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasure than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed his hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had, unassisted, given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: "Bessie, let us have Christmas next year," which caused a general smile all around.





THE FUNNY MANDARIN.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a funny mandarin
Who had a funny way,
Of sliding down the balustrade
A dozen times a day.

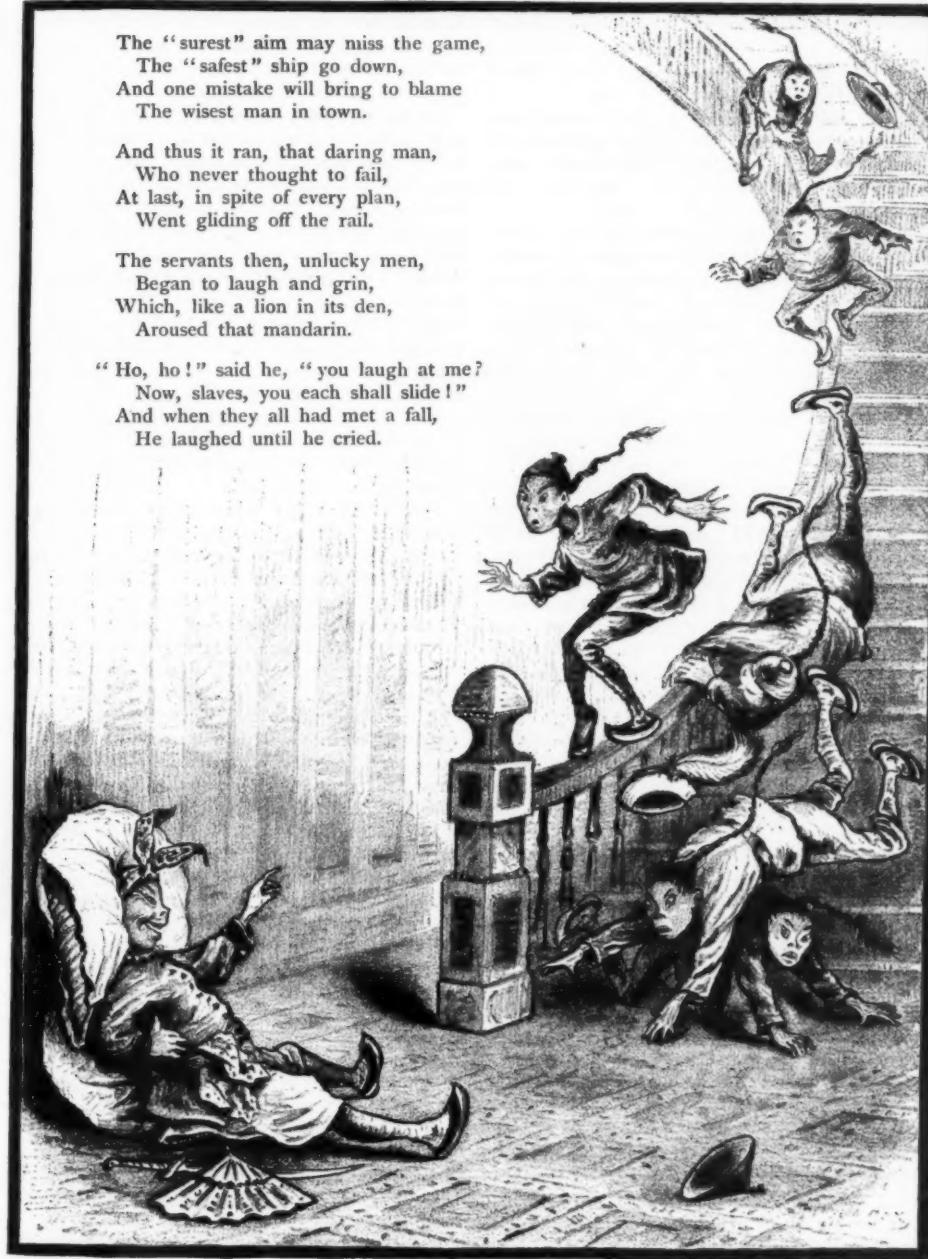
With arms in air and streaming hair,
At risk of bone and brain,
Around and round the winding stair
He slid the rail amain.

The "surest" aim may miss the game,
 The "safest" ship go down,
 And one mistake will bring to blame
 The wisest man in town.

And thus it ran, that daring man,
 Who never thought to fail,
 At last, in spite of every plan,
 Went gliding off the rail.

The servants then, unlucky men,
 Began to laugh and grin,
 Which, like a lion in its den,
 Aroused that mandarin.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "you laugh at me?
 Now, slaves, you each shall slide!"
 And when they all had met a fall,
 He laughed until he cried.



THORVALDSEN.

BY A. P. C.

HAVE you ever heard the name of the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen? Have you not frequently seen photographs, engravings, or plaster casts, representing his medallions of "Morning" and "Night,"—pictures of which we give,—the first a swiftly-flying angel, strewing flowers through the air, while a cherub clinging to her shoulder holds aloft a glowing torch; the second, a somber spirit, floating dreamily onward, her head bowed forward, two slumbering babes in her arms, and an owl following in her wake. Thorvaldsen sculptured those at Rome, half a century ago, when rising to the height of his fame.

He was born at Copenhagen, Denmark, November 19, 1770. His father's name was Gottskalk Thorvaldsen; his mother's, Karen Grönlund. She was the daughter of a peasant, but his father was a carver of wood. Little Albert—that was Thorvaldsen's name—used frequently to play in his father's work-shop, watching whatever was going on, and, not many years ago, there were old carpenters in Copenhagen who could well remember him as a pretty child, with blue eyes and golden hair, following his father. He was a gentle, pleasant-tempered little fellow, and this sometimes led his comrades to play tricks upon him.

Monsieur Pion, one of Thorvaldsen's biographers, from whose work many of the facts in this paper have been gleaned, and from which several of our engravings were copied, relates many anecdotes which give us good pictures of the sculptor in his infancy.

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Young Thorvaldsen was not a perfect character, and was by no means as fond of all his studies as he was of drawing and modeling. He loved art, but reading and writing and recitations were troublesome to him. Indeed, his school-master, Herr Chaplain Höyer, had come to the conclusion that Bertel was a dunce, and would always be in the lowest class. But something happened to change his opinion.

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in Norway, and to invite him to return to Copenhagen, where he should be received with royal favor. But Thorvaldsen could not go. Napoleon had just ordered him to make in marble a grand frieze of "Alexander the Great entering Babylon," and the sculptor was very busy with other works besides. When this great frieze was finished, however, Napoleon was in exile at Elba! Nearly at the same time, the sculptor received an order from



THORVALDSEN AT HIS WORK.

3

the Polish government for two statues; but illness delayed work on them, and, when they were completed—there was no Poland! This was bad luck certainly, but after a while he found purchasers for all these productions. The frieze was considered a masterpiece, and the Danish government ordered a copy of it in plaster.

All this time, what do you suppose was the fate of Mr. Hope's "Jason"? It was not even begun! Thorvaldsen had got out of the humor of making it, and on one pretext or another delayed and delayed, till in the end it was more than twenty years before Mr. Hope received it. Probably, Thorvaldsen felt that he had done more wrong than could be easily repaired, for he sent with the "Jason" several smaller pieces of statuary, to make amends.

From time to time, Thorvaldsen suffered from slight attacks of the fever he had had in Naples, and some of his dearest friends died; but he always found comfort in his work. He had a great many pupils and workmen under him. His custom was to make the model of some work in clay; his workmen would hew the great blocks of marble into shape; then his pupils, under his directions, would

begin the statues, and when they had gone far enough, he would take the chisel and add the finishing touches himself. He had more orders than he could execute, and was often forced to refuse distinguished people, or else keep them waiting till they were quite out of patience.

Besides his works made to order, his fertile imagination was always prompting him to execute some new and beautiful idea. In 1815 he produced his beautiful "Night" and "Morning." Later, he produced the "Lion of Lucerne,"—cut in rock at Lucerne, Switzerland,—in honor of those members of the Swiss Guard who died in defending the Tuilleries, during the French revolution, August 10, 1792. This great piece of sculpture shows a lion, wounded by a lance, which has been broken off in its side. It shelters, with one of its paws, a shield on which are the arms of the French king, in whose defense the Swiss Guards, symbolized by the lion, laid down their lives. The statue stands on a most beautiful spot by the Lake of Lucerne. About the same time, Thorvaldsen restored the *Ægina* marbles. These were ancient statues very much broken, found in the island of *Ægina* in 1811. The Prince of Bavaria bought them and sent them to Thorvaldsen for restoration. No one without a thorough knowledge of Greek art could have done this work; but Thorvaldsen did it so well and accurately that, when all was completed, it was almost impossible to discover where additions had been made.

In 1819, Thorvaldsen returned to Copenhagen for a year's visit. The students turned out to welcome him, cannons were fired, the poet Oehlenschlaeger made an address, and a grand banquet was given. The royal family were very kind to him; and, as it was not customary for a common citizen to visit the king, His Majesty made him Councillor of State so as to enjoy the pleasure of Thorvaldsen's society without violating etiquette.

Rooms were prepared for the sculptor at the Academy of Fine Arts. When he arrived, the old janitor, who had been a model for the students during Thorvaldsen's boyhood, opened the door for him. They recognized each other at once, and had an affecting meeting.



THE STATUE OF MERCURY.

But Thorvaldsen had little peace in this studio. Visitors crowded to see him all day long; every one interested in art wanted to see him, or ask his advice about something. At this time, he was commissioned to ornament with sculpture the beautiful new church, called the Frue Kirke, or Church of Our Lady, and his "Christ and the Twelve Apostles," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and several other religious pieces, are the results.

On his way back to Rome, Thorvaldsen traveled through Germany, and at Warsaw the Emperor Alexander of Russia allowed him to take his bust, which was a great honor, for he had refused to let even Canova do so only a short time before. It was profitable, also, for a great many copies of the bust were ordered. The emperor gave Thorvaldsen a diamond ring; when he was ill sent his own

homeward journey is like a romantic fairy-tale. A steamer, called the "Queen Maria," was sent to meet the frigate, crowded with people who



MORNING.



NIGHT.

doctor to attend to him, and showed him many marks of favor.

In 1829, Louis, formerly Prince, but now King, of Bavaria, came again to Rome, and was as intimate as ever with Thorvaldsen. Horace Vernet, the great French painter; Mendelssohn, the composer, who used to play on the piano for him in his studio while he worked; Ricci, a learned Italian poet; Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, were among Thorvaldsen's best friends.

In 1837, Thorvaldsen decided to return to Denmark. But just as he was about to depart, the cholera broke out in Rome and raged so fearfully that the people in the surrounding country, fearing contagion, would not allow any one to leave the city. When at last the cholera passed away, the King of Denmark sent the frigate "Rota" to bring him and all his works home.

The voyage was very pleasant, and on September 15th, 1838, the ship entered the harbor of Copenhagen. From this time, the record of the

longed to welcome Thorvaldsen. Salutes were fired. The "Queen Maria" steamed around the "Rota," the band playing, and the people shouting and singing choruses. At night, there was a splendid aurora borealis, and it seemed as though his native sky, as well as his countrymen, were rejoicing at his return. In Copenhagen, the people were wild with excitement. There was shouting all through the city, and crowds rushed to the landing; the docks, and the roofs of the houses near by were covered with spectators, and, notwithstanding the rain, splendid preparations were made. Barges, beautifully decorated, belonging to different societies, started to meet the



THE NEST OF LOVES.

"Rota." Students, poets, artists, mechanics,—all classes were there. Flags of every color were flying, many ornamented with Thorvaldsen's own designs. When the boats had proceeded a certain

distance, the crews all singing a beautiful chorus composed in Thorvaldsen's honor, they divided into two lines, and, as the "Rota" passed between them, a magnificent rainbow appeared in the heavens; and, when it faded away, the clouds vanished, and the sun shone forth in all its glory.

Then the boats crowded around the frigate, and all who could do so clambered on board to catch a glimpse of the great sculptor. Indeed, the throng was so dense that Thorvaldsen's friends were alarmed and hurried him off in one of the small boats.

When Thorvaldsen landed, the crowd was so thick he could hardly get to the carriage which was waiting for him, and it was not until he reached the palace of Charlottenborg that he discovered that the horses had been taken away, and that the people had drawn him along. The palace was decorated with flowers. The square on which it faced was a solid mass of human beings, even the trees and lamp-posts being covered with eager boys. As the palace gates closed, the crowd became almost fierce, and refused to disperse until they had seen their honored and beloved countryman. So Thorvaldsen came out on the balcony and bowed to the multitude, who received him with long and loud hurrahs.

At night there was a grand torch-light procession, and for days and weeks one entertainment after another followed in the sculptor's honor, till there seemed a danger that he would be almost killed with kindness.

About this time Thorvaldsen became intimate with Baron von Stampe and his family. They had a beautiful country seat at Nysöe, near the city, where they made him quite at home, giving him a room to work in; and, after a while, he got into the habit of spending half of his time there, and half at Copenhagen. Whenever he wanted quiet, he went to Nysöe. Once, when he had been there some days, he went to the city, promising to be back in a week. When he returned, he found a beautiful new studio built in the garden for him. It was a surprise that the Baroness had planned, and there was a fine celebration when he took possession of the building.

One day, the Baroness persuaded him to make a statue of himself. While he was at work upon it, soon after, the Baroness looking on, he received a letter from the Danish poet, Oehlenschaefer, who inquired anxiously when his bust could be made. They had been laughing together a little, that the poet should seem so desirous of being immortalized in this way, when Thorvaldsen suddenly said:

"It is very well for me to jest at the vanity of others, when I, myself, at this very moment, am

engaged in making a monument to my own vanity!"

With that, he threw away his tools and would have broken the statue, had not the Baroness pulled him quickly out of the studio, locked the door, and told him she would not give him the key again, until he had promised to finish the work for her.

At Nysöe, Thorvaldsen used to meet Hans Christian Andersen, who would often make the evenings pass delightfully, telling wonderful fairy stories, which pleased the grown people as much as the children.

Thorvaldsen still worked industriously, and went about cheerfully among his fellow-men. He was very generous to others, but parsimonious to himself. He would pay a high price for a picture to encourage some young artist, or would give a handful of money to some poor woman in distress, but he cared little for luxuries on his own account.

In 1841, Thorvaldsen made one more trip to Rome. He went through Germany, as before, but his fame had grown still greater in the interval, and he was enthusiastically greeted at Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Munich,—indeed, wherever he went, both by the people and their sovereigns. In September, he arrived in Rome, and he remained about a year, revisiting all the old haunts and enjoying the companionship of former friends.

In 1842, he returned to Copenhagen, and there found completed the museum for his works, built by the architect Bindesböll, at the order of the city of Copenhagen. The mayor received him in the new edifice and took him all through it, showing where his various treasures were to be placed, and even leading him to the inner court, where he was one day to be buried. Thorvaldsen looked at it seriously,—he felt he soon must leave this life,—he was an old man.

Thorvaldsen was now not so strong as he had been. Once in a while came a day when he did not feel well. One morning he complained to his servant that he did not feel right, but he went on working as usual. The Baroness von Stampe came in and invited him to dinner, but he said he did not feel well enough to go. She still urged him to come, and then, thinking that perhaps he would feel better for going out, he agreed to accompany her. He had been working on a bust of Luther, but threw down his bust and clay and went out. They paid a few visits, and then went to the Baron's and dined. Thorvaldsen was in good spirits, and when the museum was spoken of, said, cheerfully:

"Now I can die at any time,—Bindesböll has finished my tomb."

After dinner he went to the theater. A lady

noticed him leaning over and asked if he had lost anything. He did not answer. He was dead. This mournful event occurred March 24th, 1844.

was carried by forty artists. The King and Prince were present; a wreath of flowers, woven by the Queen's own hands, was on the coffin,—the sculp-



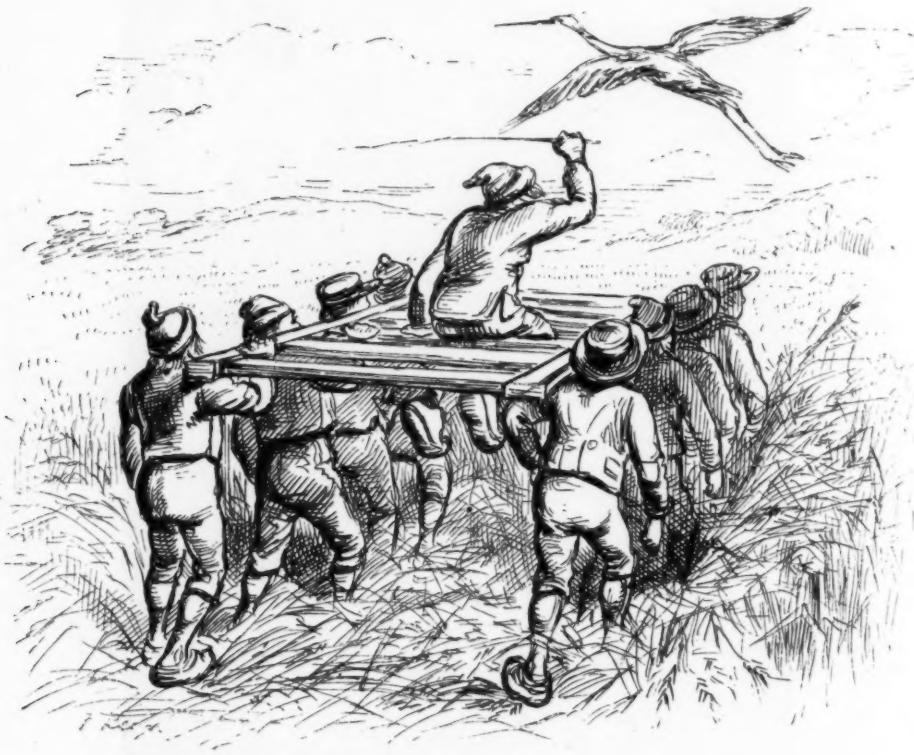
THE LION OF LUCERNE.

The news soon spread all over the city and caused great grief. On the 30th of March, 1844, his funeral took place, and it was as if a king had died. The houses were draped in mourning, and a long procession followed the coffin, which

tor's chisel lying by its side. He now lies in the tomb prepared for him in the Museum, which building contains his works from the time he carved the old wooden clock with his father, until the day when he left his half-finished bust of

Martin Luther, and the handful of clay with the tool sticking in it,—which also are in the Museum under glass. And there, also, are copies in plaster of many of his statues, owned in other countries,

besides his own collection of art treasures. On the preceding pages are pictures of his "Mercury," a very famous statue, and of a beautiful sculpture, in bass-relief, called the "Nest of Loves."



THE HERDER IS CARRIED ON A GATE.

CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS.

THERE is a peculiar class of people, living in Jutland, called the Molbos, of whom a great number of tales are told. From the earliest days, these people have been known for their ingenuity and simplicity, and hence many remarkable things are told about them. Two of the stories about their curious actions are given below.

THE STORK AND THE HERDER.

ONCE, in the summer, when the corn stood high, a stork was often seen in the fields belonging to the Molbos, stalking up and down in the grain-patches to catch frogs. This annoyed the Molbos greatly, for they thought the long-legged bird trod down a vast deal of grain. They therefore consulted

how to drive the animal away, and the conclusion was, that the herder of their village should go into the fields and chase the bird out. But as he went in for the stork, they noticed that his feet were very large and broad, and it occurred to them that the herder would trample down more grain than the stork. Then they again puzzled their brains what to do and how to get rid of the stork. But one of the

party spoke up at last with the sensible advice that they might carry the herder through the grain, so that he should not tread it down. This idea was approved by all. They therefore went forth and took one of the fence-gates off its hinges, made the herder sit down on it, and eight men lifted the gate to their shoulders and carried the herder through the corn where the stork was, so that he might drive it away. Thus the herder was kept from trampling down the grain with his big feet.

THE SALT HERRING AND THE EEL.

ONE year, when salt herring were more expensive than usual, the Molbos thought they could not afford to buy them, although forming their principal winter food. They therefore deliberated what could be done to escape the high prices for the future.

One of the deepest thinkers among them suggested at last that, as fresh herring would multiply in the water, there was no reason why salt herring should not do the same. He therefore advised them once for all to buy a barrel of salt herring in the city, and empty the herring in their pond, and they could then every year catch as many as they wanted when the herring had hatched. They ap-

proved of this advice; the salt herring were bought and thrown into the pond, so as to multiply for the next season. Next year, the Molbos came with their nets to catch the herring; but, do what they would, they could not catch a single one. At length, they caught a large fat eel in one of their nets.

As soon as the Molbos saw the eel, they at once concluded that this was the wicked thief that had devoured their salt herring, and they therefore agreed that he should be put to death. But how to do this was not so easily decided. At last an old Molbo came forward who once had been near drowning, and hence had conceived a great dread for salt water. He advised them to take it out on the ocean and drown it. The advice was considered good, and they took the eel with them in their boat and rowed out for some distance, so that the eel should not swim back. When they had reached what they thought a safe distance, they threw the creature overboard. The eel enjoyed the return to its own element, and wriggled its tail as soon as it felt itself in the water. The old Molbo, seeing this, exclaimed to his companions: "Do you notice how frightened he is? See how he squirms and twists with terror!"



THE EEL IS DELIGHTED.



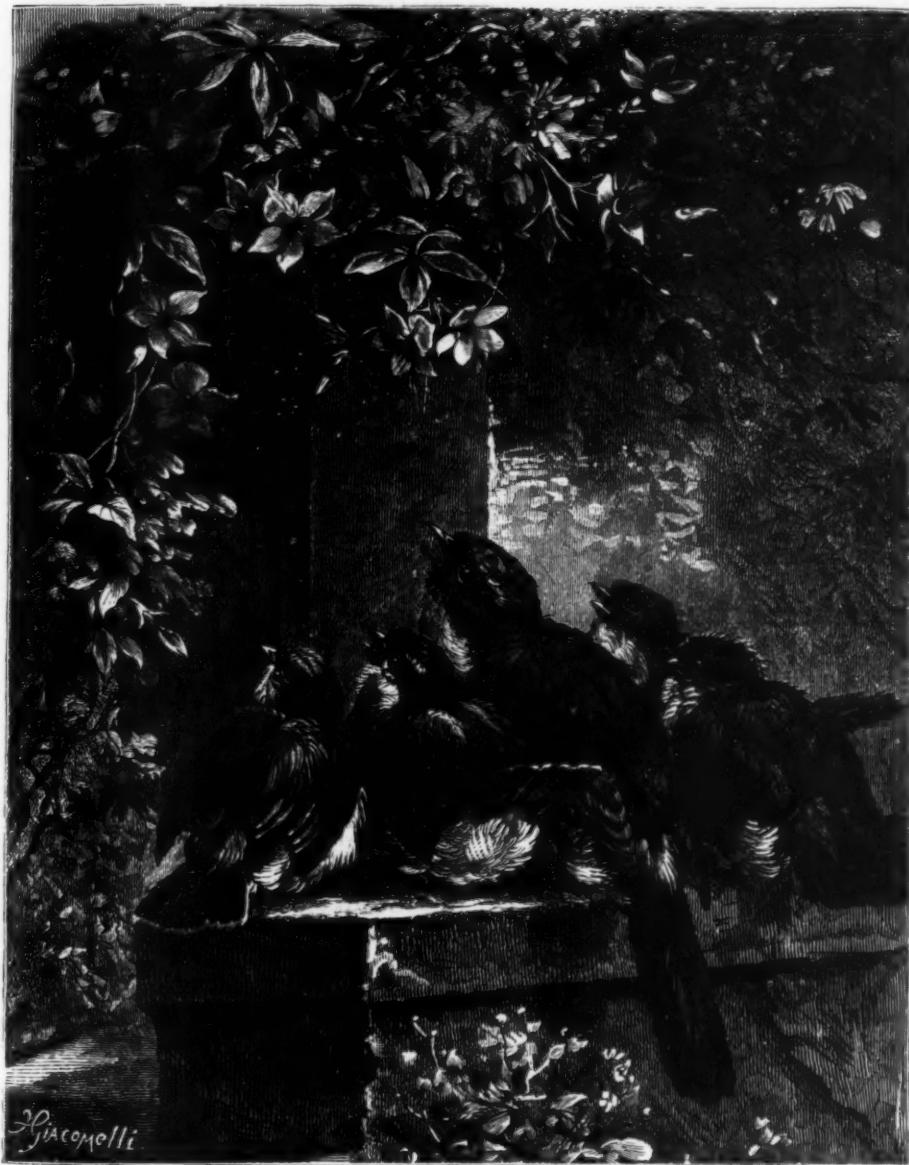
EACH little bird within its nest,
Thinks its parents love it best;
But the old birds cannot tell
Why they love them all so well.



Sometimes, great wasps come buzzing near,
And fill the birdies' hearts with fear.
" You cruel things," the young birds say,
" You know that mother is away!"



And when these birdies wish to try
If they are strong enough to fly,
The whole nest-full will gather round
To see one flutter to the ground.



In summer, when they 're larger grown,
They 'll sit upon a window stone,
And sing a morning song of joy
To some kind little girl or boy.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS is coming! Be ready for it, my hearties!—ready for it in heart, soul, and body—yes, and now you mention it, in stockings and Christmas trees! Winter snow, winter sunshine, winter cheer, winter goodness, winter badness, fun for many, work for many, and a real good time all around! That seems to be the rule, and, of course, it is n't for Jack-in-the-Pulpit to go against it. He does n't go against it. He is for it, through and through; and, wishing you, one and all, a happy, beautiful time, he hereby presents to you this lovely number of ST. NICHOLAS.

(*Confidential.*—He has n't seen it yet, but he supposes it is lovely.)

Now, here is something to set your young hearts aglow!

THE COLDEST COLD.

THE very coldest cold that the wisest among the wise folk can make! It is two hundred and twelve degrees below freezing point. A good friend, who himself saw its effects, has explained to me all about it.

This cold was made by mixing ether with frozen carbonic acid,—ahem! How learned it makes one to feel to use such words!

If you don't quite call to mind what the words mean, my dears, why—there 's the dictionary; no doubt that will help you.

At a touch of this cold mixture, flowing quicksilver was turned into a solid, which the maker hammered, and cut, and worked, just as if it had been an ordinary metal. But if he had touched it with his uncovered hand, it would have acted like red-hot iron, so suddenly would it have taken away the heat from him, excepting that in the case of the hot iron he would have taken the heat of the iron.

He filled some molds with quicksilver, and

dipped them into the freezing mixture. The molds were emptied on a marble mantel in a cold room, and out of them came a beautiful castle, brighter than polished silver! The quicksilver was actually frozen so hard that the castle did not melt for some hours.

CATCHING LARKS WITH SUNLIGHT.

SOME of my friends the birds sing so sweetly that men are glad to keep them in cages, just to enjoy their songs; and I am always hearing of their new ways of catching the poor things. Here, now, is a method followed in France:

Some clear morning of early winter, when the fields are bare, and the frost already sparkles on bush and hedge-row, a man sets up, on the top of a hill, a reflector made of thousands of little mirrors arranged together. Up in the blue sky the lark is pouring forth a morning psalm, when, all at once, a bright sunbeam is reflected full upon him. The dazzling ray seems to him to come from a new sun, and it acts as a magic charm, bewildering him, and drawing him toward the reflector. After fluttering in and out of the beam in a puzzled way, the bird yields to the fascination. Lower and lower he flies, following the course of the ray as it is made gradually to descend, until, at last, the sweet-voiced creature alights in a net spread to receive him, and he becomes a prisoner.

May be, his owner will take good care of him, if only on account of his song. At any rate, perhaps it is a comfort to him that no hawks can reach him in his cage. But what will his poor wife and little ones say, when they find that he does not come back?

LETTER FROM A SCHOOLMAAM.

Buckingham, Pa.

DEAR JACK: I know that you and your dear little schoolma'am are interested in schools and school-children everywhere, so I will tell you what my little scholars have been doing.

I furnish all the pupils with papers about as large as a fourth of a sheet of note-paper; on these they write any facts that they learn outside of school-books and school-hours, by making good use of their eyes and ears. When the papers are full they are placed on file on my desk, and the best items, to the great satisfaction of their authors, are neatly copied in a blank-book kept for the purpose.

The pupils range from ten to sixteen years of age; here are some of their gleanings:

"Icebergs are as large as our school-house, and they upset ships."

"Cows have no upper teeth."

"Bats have little, sharp teeth; when you touch them they open their mouths and make a noise; they have large wings; they cannot see to fly in the day-time."

"Madame Roland could read when she was four years old."

"Hawks catch hens and kill them."

"I saw a little ant carry a little piece of bread into a little round hole."

"An ant-lion is an insect that crawls backward; it makes round holes in the sand; the ants fall into the holes and then the ant-lion eats them."

"George Stephenson, the inventor of the steam-engine, at the age of thirty was struggling through the Rule of Threes."

Respectfully yours,

E. L.

A LAKE ROOFED WITH SALT.

No, it is n't frozen salt; and it is n't under the ground. It is in summer time, and open to the sky. And this is the explanation as it came to your Jack:

In Siberia, where this wonder is to be found, the summer heat is intense, and turns the upper part of the waters of the lake into a light mist, which floats away into the air. The change from water

to mist takes place so quickly, that large masses of salt are left in solid crystals, which cake together, arching slightly over the water, and forming a roof eight or nine inches thick, so strong that beasts of burden pass over it in safety, drawing their loads behind them.

Now, is this salt roof good to skate on? That is the question; but, unfortunately, your Jack cannot answer it.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

YOUR Jack knows of a dear old bachelor who built a gay little bird-house, and set it high on a pole where cats could n't reach it. This pretty house had all sorts of cozy little rooms, and in them some sparrows made their nests. It was not long before numbers of little sparrows were hatched, and, in course of time, the birds became so many that, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, some of them could 't get enough to eat.



THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

One Christmas eve, when the birds were cuddled all close together in their homes, fast asleep, their friend called to mind a kindly custom of the people in Northern Europe, and resolved to make a joyful Christmas surprise for his little lodgers. So he hunted through all the town until he found a sheaf of wheat,—a rare thing in winter. Then he silently set up a step-ladder, in the darkness, and hung the sheaf close under the bird-house.

At daylight, on Christmas morning, he tiptoed

to the window in the nipping cold. The sheaf was crowded! Every ear was bending and swaying beneath a happy little bird. And such a cheery chirp and chatter as there was!—Not very musical, you say? But it made a delightful Christmas carol for the good-hearted old bachelor.

LIGHTING A FIRE WITH ICE.

DID you ever hear, my young philosophers, that a fire can be lighted with ice?

Well, it can be, they tell me.

This is the way: Put a little heap of gunpowder close to one end of a fuse, which is a kind of wick soaked in salt peter and dried; get a round lump of ice ten feet across, and shaped like a magnifying glass that swells out at both sides; and then set up the ice so that it will gather the sun's rays, "focus" them, that is, on the gunpowder. The heap will blaze up; the fuse will catch; and there is your fire!

I know it would be quite impossible for you to get this great lens of ice; but you can rely upon the correctness of the directions, at any rate.

This experiment succeeded, not long ago, in England; and your Jack has heard of a similar thing being done by smart voyagers in the Arctic regions.

A QUEER IMPORTATION.

SOMEBODY sends me word that once the people of Jutland, a part of Denmark, had forgotten how to make a beautiful kind of lace called "Tondee," and so a number of them went to another country to find some one who could teach them. They brought back twelve old men, who knew the art well. These old men had long white beards, and, while they were making lace, they kept their beards in bags, so that the hair might not get tangled up with the threads of their bobbins. Now, what a funny picture ST. NICHOLAS might make of these twelve Tondee makers!

A LIVE ELEVATOR.

DEAR JACK: As you no doubt are well acquainted with the Bats, perhaps you will not mind asking them if their histories mention the following occurrence:

An Englishman, named Vernon, claimed that once, while shooting hyenas near Carthage, in Africa, he stumbled, and fell many fathoms down into an old well. Instead of being killed by the fall, as he expected, he aighted unhurt on a feather-bed, as it were. He soon felt that he was moving gently upward; and, by degrees, without any effort of his own, he reached the opening of the well. Then he found that he had fallen on an immense mass of bats, who, awakened from their slumbers, had flown up, and brought him with them!

That is Mr. Vernon's account, and now I think we ought to hear, if possible, what those bats said about it.—Truly yours,

S.

Bats never stop near Jack's Pulpit long enough for him to exchange words with them; so, of course, he can't put to them S.'s question about those forefathers of theirs who lived near Carthage.

Bats are social enough among themselves, I'm told, but they don't like to be intruded upon; and Mr. Vernon must have paid his sudden visit when they were in a very good humor, or he would not have been shown to the door so obligingly.

Deacon Green suggests that this well may have been the very one mentioned in the proverb, and that Mr. Vernon might have found Truth at the bottom, if he had gone deep enough.

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALL our boys and girls who like to ask questions will be glad to hear of "The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Common Things," a new book, by John D. Chapman, Jr., and published by Henry Holt & Co., New-York. How many questions you young folks ask of older ones every day! Some of these the old folks answer; but sometimes they are too busy, and sometimes they don't know. And how many questions you would like to ask that you never do ask, for fear of being troublesome! Now, if you have one of these cyclopaedias, instead of asking questions, you look in your book, and there is your answer. A cyclopaedia, you know, does not merely give definitions, like a dictionary. It tells a good deal about everything that it mentions at all. For instance, if a boy wants to know about bees, he can turn to the word "bee," in the cyclopaedia, and find out all about their habits and food, etc. A girl hears a good deal said about the telephone, but does not quite understand what it is. She will find it described in this cyclopaedia in language that she can comprehend. There are cyclopaedias for grown folks, but these are full of terms that some children cannot understand, and they are generally in many volumes. But this is in one volume, and is of a convenient size to keep on your book-shelves at home, or to take to school with you. It treats of common things. It does not include matters of history and biography, but is full of interesting facts, and contains numerous pictures, that help to make the meaning plain. It is printed in clear, distinct type, on good paper.

Of all the pretty and dainty books you ever saw, one of the very prettiest and daintiest is called "Under the Window," and is published by Routledge of New York and London. It is full of charming little songs and verses, and has hundreds of pictures,—still more charming,—drawn by Miss Kate Greenaway, the English lady who drew the quaint little lads and maidens for "Children's Day at St. Paul's" and "Beating the Bounds," published in *St. NICHOLAS* for January, 1879, and April, 1879.

The pictures in "Under the Window" are all printed in colors, and are as full of life and beauty and jollity as pictures can be made. Every child will like this book, and every grown person of taste will want to look over it himself, and then give it to some child who deserves to be made happy.

E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York, have just published two books, written by Olive Thorne Miller. One of these books, called "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither," is made up of a great many stories about birds, beasts, insects, and fishes, with lots of pictures. The other book is "Nimpo's Troubles." Many of our readers who have been acquainted with *St. NICHOLAS* from the beginning, will remember this as a serial in the first volume of the magazine, but those who saw it as it came out in numbers will be glad to see it again, and read about the little girl who was tired of home and thought it a grand thing to board, and of all the funny and provoking things that happened to her; and they will remember Mrs. Prinkins, and Black Sarah, and the wonderful and

startling stories she told. Those who have not read her story of Sam and the cellar key have missed a treat.

The "Chatterbox" has made its annual appearance. It is sent to us by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, and is as full, as ever, of big pictures and short stories. This well-known book is such a favorite with the little people, that dishonest persons have given its name to books that are not the real Chatterboxes. But, if you have a "Chatterbox" with Estes & Lauriat on the title-page, you are all right. This firm also publishes a book of dainty little poems, named "Little Folks' Songs" by Alexa B. White, with beautiful illustrations, some by Adeline Ledyard; and also a book by Hezekiah Butterworth, which he calls "Zigzag Journeys in Europe," in which he tells how an American teacher took some of his boys on a vacation tour through England and France, and related to them delightfully true stories of the places they visited.

Those interested in insects will find full accounts of the butterfly and moth in a book by Julia P. Ballard, called "Insect Lives; or, Born in Prison," published in Cincinnati, by Robert Clarke & Co.

"The Boys' and Girls' Treasury," by Uncle Herbert, is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It contains over three hundred large-size pages, brimful of good pictures, and with stories that little children can understand. This firm publishes for *very* little ones a beautiful book,—large and square,—with full-page pictures, and a verse in large type for every letter of the alphabet. It is called "The Picture Alphabet," by Cousin Daisy.

From the American Tract Society, New-York, we have lately received some very pretty books, which we have only room to mention briefly. There is a story, by Elmer Lynde, of a little girl named Daphne, and it is in six volumes! These are not very large, however, and are all in a pretty paper box, and each volume has two pictures. Another fancy box has ten tiny beauties of books, each book with two or more stories or poems. These are for quite little people, and are named "Books for Our Birdies." For those a little older there are two small books,—one called "Sunny Hours," and the other "Happy Home Stories," with a good many pictures; and a larger book, "Pictures and Stories of Long Ago," containing thirty-six stories from the Bible. Each story has a full-page illustration. And, for still older children, there is an interesting narrative of "Fifine," a little French girl, who did not live in a house, but in a show-wagon that traveled about. This is written by Louise Seymour Houghton. "The Signal Flag" is a collection of short stories by the author of "Ruthie's Venture"; and "Nellie's New Year," by Rev. Edward A. Rand, is a book that girls will like. And there are two graver and more instructive books for the children who like sometimes to think seriously. These books are "A Crown of Glory," by Catharine M. Trowbridge, and "Women Worth Emulating," by Clara L. Balfour.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. EGGLESTON'S NEW PLAY, printed in this number, and entitled "Mother Goose and Her Family; a Christmas Recreation for Sunday-School and other Festivals," brings in, of course, only the chief of the Mother Goose characters. If more had been let in, the play would have run beyond half an hour, and would have been too long for use as merely a part of an evening's entertainment. However, should anybody need to fill up more time, other Mother Goose characters can be brought into the play; and, with Dr. Eggleston's original to imitate, a very ingenious person may be able to dress the added characters appropriately, and make them act and speak in a brisk, compressed style. But, to make the piece longer, is to risk making it drag, which would lessen the enjoyment of the audience.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: The article upon "Playthings" in the November number reminds me that, a short time ago, I saw an Indian doll-baby such as the papooses play with. A friend brought it from the Plains. It looked very funny, for it was a good representation of an Indian. It was made of buckskin, sewed with fine sinews, and stuffed with hair, having beads for eyes, nose, and mouth.

On the head was sewed a small piece of scalp, and this was braided and arranged just like the hair of an Indian. And the doll had the Indian wardrobe,—breech-cloth, robe, leggings, and moccasins. Our friend had a little tomahawk made for it, "to scalp white doll-babies

with," he said; and he added that he meant to have machinery put in the doll so that it could whoop.

As it was, our neighbor's baby was afraid of it.—Yours truly, S.

In answer to requests from a few of our boys and girls, to tell them of some quiet games which will help them to amuse themselves during the winter evenings, we call attention to the advertisement of the "Protean Cards" and "Stratford Game" in the publishers' department of the present number of *St. NICHOLAS*. These games were originally prepared expressly for our own home circle of young folks,—and old folks, too, for that matter.

West Hampton, L. I.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: We boys around here were delighted with the story you told us in the June number, about a fish that catches fish for its master; but I guess that queer fellow would have to do his level best for a good while before he could catch as many as our Long Island men caught near here, not long ago, in a few hours. They actually scooped in nine thousand blue-fish at one haul! Talk about fishing,—what do you think of that? I told a Pennsylvania cousin about it, the other day, and he would n't believe it at all, till he went and talked to some of the men, and they told him how they did it. But then he gave in,—and, after that, he would n't give me

a moment's peace till I promised him I'd write and tell St. NICHOLAS about it.

The way they do it is this: They have a tremendous big, long net, or seine, and they fasten one end of it at a certain spot on the shore, and then take the body of the net out over the water in row-boats, and then bring the other end slowly back to shore. The net is so long that sometimes the end brought back is a half mile away from the first end.

That makes a pretty big circle of water, you see, to be hemmed in by one net, but a good part of the fish in that water are apt to get caught, and, of course, as the net is drawn in, the fish are crowded together more and more, in the center of the net. But just there, is a queer bag or "cod," which is arranged something like a mouse-trap, so that when the fish once get in they can't get out. That is not the kind of fishing most boys are used to, but I tell you it's a big business. Why, they use horses to pull in the ends of the net, and, even then, it is often a heavy pull for the teams.

But this last haul beats anything that has yet been done around here. Think of it! nine thousand blue-fish at one haul! And what do you think the whole lot weighed? *Sixteen tons!* There's enough for a good many breakfast-tables, or my name's not

J. F. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Uncle says you are not the real Santa Claus; but I am pretty sure you must be. If not, please send Santa Claus word that I wish to have a microscope for Christmas. I want to see snow-crystals, and flies' wings, and lots of things that you and Jack-in-the-Pulpit tell about. Really truly I want to very much, so now, please don't forget, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and I shall look out sharp on Christmas morning.—Your little friend, HARRY BAIN.

We hope Santa Claus will see this letter, for, if he does, the microscope will surely come. There is nothing the pleasant old fellow loves so well as to give his little ones just what they wish for,—especially if it is going to make delight for them all the year round, and at the same time open the door into the true fairy world of nature.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an account of a phenomenon new to me, and, it may be, to many of your readers.

I skated, with two companions, for three miles against a strong wind, at a very rapid rate, and, before going home, we skated out upon a piece of flooded meadow, where the ice rested on the ground. Several times we heard sharp reports, till, at last, I came to the conclusion that what seemed so strange to us was merely electricity. We then all skated in a circle, and stopped together, and we were fairly astonished by the rapidity and loudness of the reports.

In many cases, pieces of ice the size of a silver half dollar were sent up, all with a circular mark on the bottom. A number of little boys gathered on the ice to witness the affair, and one was hit quite severely in the face by a sharp piece. The reports only occurred when we skated in a circle.

We supposed that the rapid skating had generated large quantities of electricity in our bodies, and the earth beneath the ice became filled with it by our moving about, so that, when we stopped, our steel skates attracted it back through the ice. In some places, we could see the ice pop up as far off as forty feet.—Yours respectfully,

W. L. RODMAN.

H.—We have described often in ST. NICHOLAS various articles that can be made at home for fairs and for holiday presents. In the numbers for December, 1875, November, 1877, and November, 1879, many suitable articles are fully described and illustrated.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a fernery which we made by ourselves, and we enjoy it very much. Perhaps you would like to know how it was made?

First we got a zinc pan about two inches deep, and then four pieces of sheet glass to form the sides, and one for the top. The corner edges of the pieces we made fast with cloth strips and glue, and then we set the glass wall in the pan. The glass top we bound with paper and fastened to the walls of the fernery. In the bottom of the pan we put a layer of pebbles, and this we covered with rich earth, which we planted with different kinds of ferns, and grasses, interspersed with rocks, a little pool and some pretty shells.

The zinc pan stands on four little wood blocks,—spools would do,—and these are fastened to a thick board which is only just a little wider and longer than the pan. We concealed the open space underneath, and the metal sides, with bits of bark.

We have ferns from all our favorite spots in this neighborhood, and also from some of the places we have visited this summer, and they all are growing, as fresh and green and beautiful as you can think.—Truly yours,

FANNY AND ALICE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you the pictures of two "jump-frogs," as we call them. One is made of the wish-bone of a chicken,

by tying a stout string double across between the ends of those parts of the bone that stand up like the tops of a Y. A piece of stick is then put between the two lines of twine and twisted round and round, away from the flat side of the shaft of the Y, on which a



little bit of cobbler's wax is stuck to hold the end of the stick, while you lay the "frog," wax down, on the table for a moment. The twisted cord pulls so on the stick that the stuck end soon comes off the wax, the stick springs against the table, and up goes Mr. Frog with a jump. My baby brother thinks this is great fun.



The other jump-frog is made from a half-shell of a large English walnut, the double twine being strung through holes carefully bored near the edge of the shell, one at each side where it is broadest across. He is made to jump by the same method used for the other frog. I hope you will have the pictures drawn very plain, so that other boys can make jump-frogs as we do at home.—Yours truly, H. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all have read your article in the October number, on the New York Elevated Railroads, but cannot out how the cars were put on the track, as the article said nothing about it. Will you please tell us in the "Letter-Box" how it is done?—I remain, yours truly,

BERTHA S. PERINE.

A short track is laid from the street slanting up to and joining the elevated track: the cars are rolled upon the lower end of the short track, and then hauled up by a steam winch or windlass.

SUSAN S. sends word of a quiet way to put coals on a fire, so as not to disturb an invalid or wake the baby: wrap small quantities in bits of old newspapers and lay the parcels on the hot coals; the paper will burn away, and the coal slip quietly into place.

Bremen, Prussia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps your "Letter-Box" readers may like to hear what the little boys and girls in Bremen do at Christmas time.

On Christmas eve, every child puts a shoe under the bed, and inside the shoe a wishing paper, asking the Christkindchen to bring some special toy or treasure. For a week beforehand, the little folk carry their wishing papers in their pockets, puzzling their heads as to just how generous ST. NICHOLAS will be. Many papers are filled, written and crossed, and ST. NICHOLAS sometimes frowns over blots and mis-spelled words. After all in the house are asleep, according to the old story, the kind old gentleman comes down the chimney, slips the wishing-papers into his great, deep pocket, and fills the shoes with candies and cakes; but sometimes, to show that though gray and old he dearly loves a joke, he places a piece of turf or coal in the toe of the shoe or slipper, and chuckles over the blackened little fingers which are quite sure to find under the coal a shining mark-piece—about twenty-five cents in American money. To naughty children, of course, only switches are left.

A day or two before New-Year's comes "Baum-plündern," or "Tree-robbing"; so-called because the children are invited from house to house among their friends to help rob the Christmas tree. They gather around a tree, and at a given signal it is shaken. Immediately the children scramble to pick up all they can that may have fallen. Then they take turns at pulling from the tree, what is within their reach,—the top ornaments being left for the older boys and girls who can reach higher.

This is one of the things most looked forward to in the holiday

week, and the children go home with arms full of golden and silver nuts, candy figures of every description, chocolate rings, and many pretty ornaments.—Yours truly,

J. F. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if your readers know that the Trailing Arbutus will bloom in the house, late in winter or early in spring, if taken up before cold weather—in November, even, but December is best. The buds form early, being snugly protected from storm and frost; so, if you look closely, you can find plants with clusters, good, though still quite small; and if you do not stir the roots much the plants will not be harmed.

I had some Trailing Arbutus in my "Dish Garden" (see "Letter-Box," March, 1879), and it bloomed beautifully. Being under glass, the blossoms lasted fresh for a long while.

If the roots are taken up in a sort of ball, with the earth around them, and set in a common flower-pot or hanging basket, the plant will bloom early in spring. After placing the plant in the pot, keep it in a cold room for a few days, and then in a moderately warm one for a week or two; this will accustom it to the change from out-door weather, and then it can safely be brought where your other flowers are, and will need little further care. The pure, delicate, Arbutus blossom showing long before wild flowers are expected, will repay you for the very slight trouble of getting and nursing the plant. If not under glass, the flowers will scent a room delightfully, though the blooming takes place earlier and lasts longer under cover. Wishing success to all who may make the trial, I remain very truly, your friend,

H. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I asked my mother to read my St. NICHOLAS to me, and she selected "The Educational Breakfast at the Peterkins."

When the rest of our family discovered what mother was reading, they, one and all, prepared to listen.

We were so much impressed by Elizabeth Eliza's sad fate, that we set our wits to work to find means of escape for her.

One thing and another was suggested, but to all we exclaimed,

triumphantly: "Oh, you can't get ahead of Miss Hale, she has covered the whole ground"—when Paterfamilias remarked:

"Could n't she unbuckle her dress and slip out of it?"

This completely silenced us, and we thought we must ask Miss Hale why Elizabeth Eliza could n't do that.

A. G. M.

The answers to J. D. L.'s rhymed story riddles in the November "Letter-Box" are: Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday; Rip Van Winkle; Ferdinand and Isabella; Christopher Columbus, the port of Palos; Sir Walter Raleigh, beheaded; Diogenes.

Wyoming, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet hen of ours; she is of the Polish breed, and some call her Polly. She is very tame and in Winter time she flies up to a window, and taps on it with her bill until some of us open it; she then flies in and walks upstairs till she comes to a little storeroom in which she lays an egg: after which she flies out of the window.

I am ten years old.—Your constant reader.

L. B. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you this about a cure for wakefulness, because some of the parents of your young readers may be suffering from sleeplessness, and I know that parents who do not sleep are apt to be cross to children.

The Little Schoolma'am will tell you that, about the beginning of this century, London was guarded at night by watchmen called "Charleys," many of whom were old men, weak, and unfit for the work, while others were cowards, and, from very fear, stayed in their wooden sentry-boxes when they ought to have answered cries for help or quelled street-fights. But, in general, when these watchmen were wanted, they would be found asleep in their boxes.

Well, a friend of Lord Erskine, the great English lawyer, suffered from almost constant wakefulness. Every method was tried to get him to sleep, but in vain. At last, one night, the man's physicians had him dressed like a watchman, with a long, heavy coat, many shoulder-capes, hat, lantern, rattle and all, and left him in a watchman's box near by. The cure was complete and swift, for in ten minutes he was fast asleep!—Yours truly,

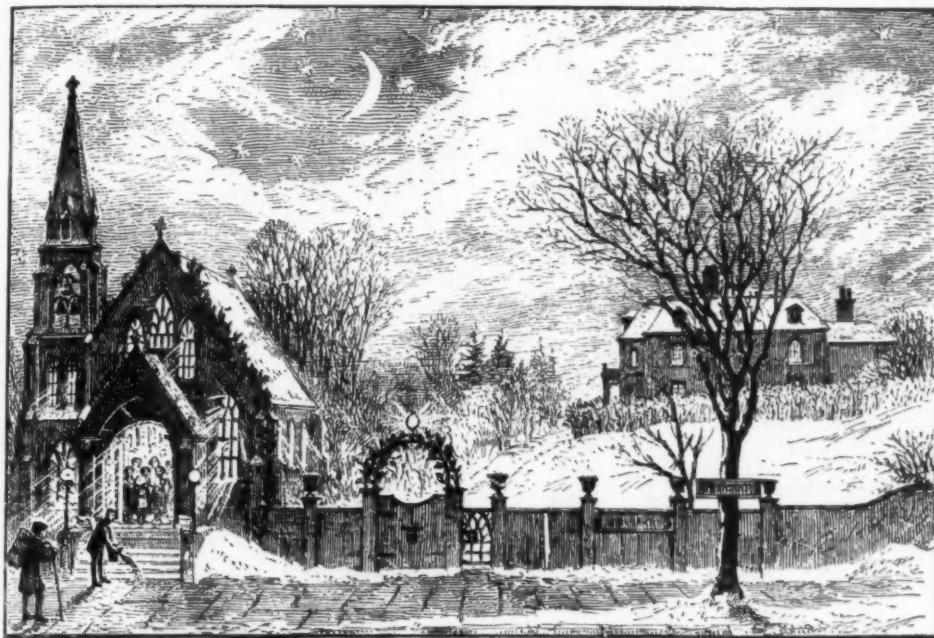
K.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR

CHRISTMAS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



In the picture are represented thirty special objects, each of which may be described by a word of five letters. When the thirty words have been found, their central letters, properly arranged, will spell four other words, that describe what the children shown in the picture are doing. Thus: the usher is sprinkling ASHES on the steps, and the H of the word "ashes" is one of the thirty central letters to spell the four words of the answer.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FIRST WORD: Oh! I am just half of a jolly old man,
Whose love at this time you must win if you can.

SECOND WORD: And I am the rest of the jovial old fellow,
Whose locks are so white, and whose cheeks are
so mellow.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A New-York lake, whose crystal wave
Once mirrored many a painted brave;
But now, when summer breezes blow,
Pale students to my waters go.

2. A gentle youth, whose farewell sigh
First showed man what it is to die.

3. A lake-fed torrent, falling, grand,
My thunders shake the rock-ribbed land.

4. A Latin word to Brutus used,
I'm very much like you;
And, were your home in sunny France,
They'd call you by me, too.

5. I welcomed not proud Perseus,
Who near my roof-tree ranged,
So, when he bared his Gorgon shield,
I to a mountain changed.

M. S. S.

3. Take a vessel from relating to daytime, and leave a face.
4. Take a cave from zealous, and leave the practical using of skill.
5. Take every one from a dance, and leave a wager.
6. Take a tree from a blazing beacon, and leave a part of the human frame.

EASY METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a personage in one of Shakespeare's plays. Curtail me, and I become an ancient city of Europe; transpose, and I become greater, but then take from me one thousand, and if you had all the remainder, you would be worth countless millions. Curtail me, and a conjunction remains; curtail me again, and there is nothing left.

E. D. AND L. H.

SCATTERED SQUARE WORDS.

FROM the verse which chronicles the calamity that befell Jack and Jill may be made sixteen or more square words.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,

Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Take four scattered letters from the first line of the verse to form the first word of the square,—ACHE for example; then four scattered letters from the second line for the next word,—COIL; four from the third line for the third word,—HILL; and four from the fourth line for the fourth word,—ELLA; and we have the square word

ACHE
COIL
HILL
ELLA

Of course, the first word cannot end in S, because there is no S in the fourth line of the verse; nor in H, K, O, P, W, X, Y or Z, for the same reason. You must have at least two new words in every new square word. Make fifteen more square words from this verse under the conditions given.

AUNT SUE.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

In each of the following examples, remove one word from another and leave a complete word:

1. Take the person speaking from rude in looks and leave sacred.
2. Take a mineral from friendly, and leave capable, skillful.

PICTURE-ANAGRAMS FOR YOUNG PUZZLERS.



AN anagram is a word (or set of words) spelled with the letters of another word (or set of words), the letters being, of course, arranged a different way. Thus:—"mar a nag" is an anagram on the word "anagram."

In the present puzzle, there are four anagrams and four pairs of pictures. The letters of the word or set of words, which describes one picture of each pair, are to be re-arranged into a word or set of words, that will describe the mate-picture. Each pair of pictures is separated by a single line the one from the other, and by two lines from the rest.

B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—Harvest Home

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rhododendron.
REVERSIBLE-WORD STAR PUZZLE.—1. Time—emit. 2. Tang—gnat.
3. Tram—mart. 4. Team—meet. 5. Tool—knot. 6. Trap—part.
7. Tops—spot. 8. Tide—elicit.
DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Holidays. Pastimes. 1. AshPan.
2. GroAns. 3. PuLsEs. 4. WhITer. 5. HiDing. 6. ShAMed.
7. LayErs. 8. PaSSed.

TRIPLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—F A R E D
N O N
M
M E T
F R O M N

COMBINATION PUZZLE.—Power. 1. HoPes. 2. ShOut. 3. DoWn.
4. BrEad. 5. CuRes.

REBUS.—Birds of a feather flock together.

EASY GERMAN BEHEADING.—1. W-Arm. 2. B-Rauch. 3. D-Rücken. 4. B-Lase. 5. R-Ohr. 6. B-Rennen. 7. W-Eisen.
8. Z-Immer.

OCTAGONAL PUZZLE.—1. Low. 2. Excel. 3. Content. 4. Octa-gon. 5. Bungled. 6. Plows. 7. Ant. Perpendicular, Octagon.

SIMPLE WORD-SQUARE.—
L A C E
A W A Y
C A G E
E Y E S

AMPUTATIONS.—1. H-ear-d. 2. F-awn-s. 3. C-ham-p. 4. C-handle-r.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis.
(Iris, Hebe (Goddess of Youth, not of Health), Urania, Vulcan, Didyma, Satyrs, Quirinal, Livia, Cacus, Titus.)

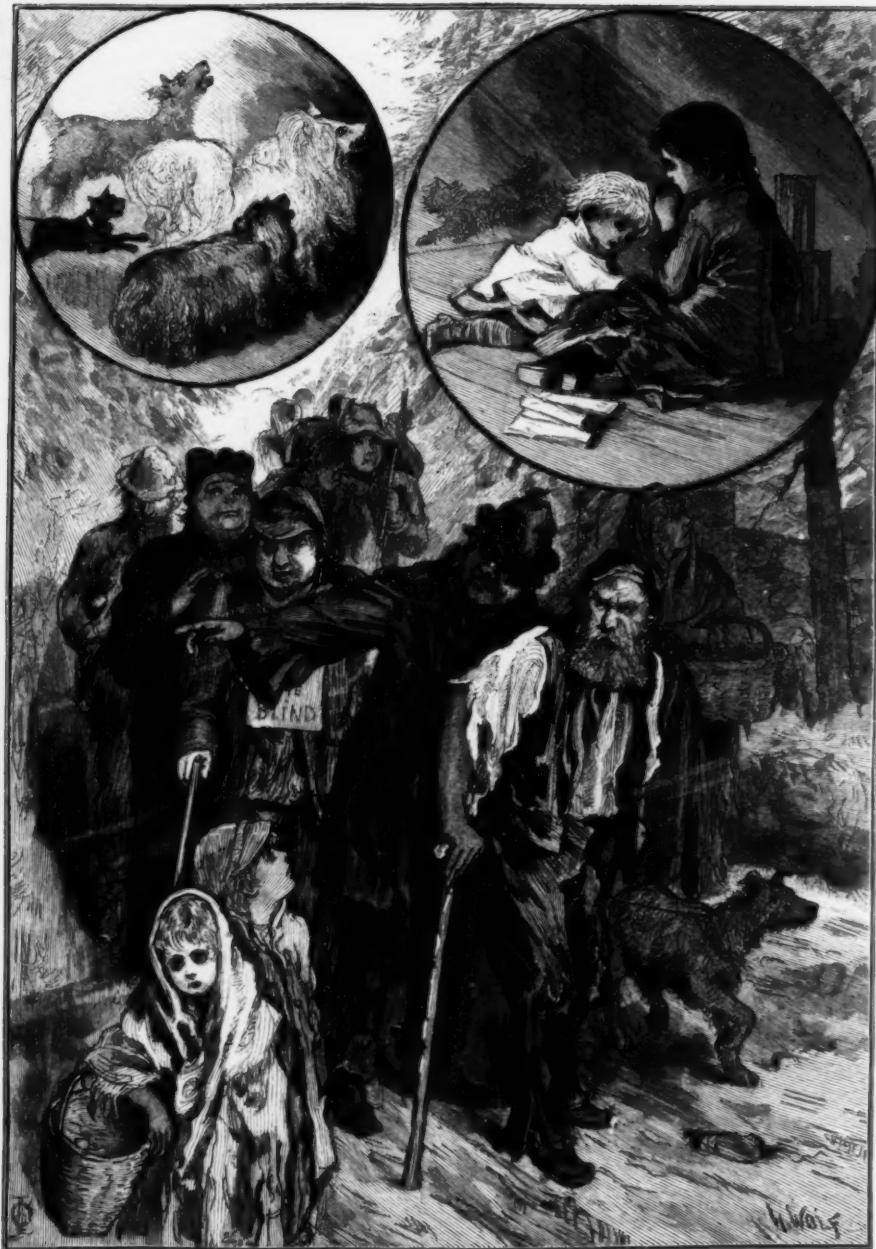
COMPARISONS.—1. Gay: morgay. 2. Sea: sere; ceased. 3. I: ire; iced. 4. Rain: moraine. 5. Spy: spire; spiced. 6. Kite: cater. 7. Cape: caper. 8. Bay: bare; baste. 9. Poe: pour; post. 10. Bee: beer; beast. 11. Bow: boar; boast. 12. Ewe: ewer; used.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.—1. Turkey. 2. Ham. 3. Parsley. 4. Potato. 5. Sweet potato. 6. Sauce. 7. Bread. 8. Game. 9. Pears. 10. Salad-in. 11. Pie, pumpkin, mince. 12. Cheese. 13. Tarts. 14. Apples. 15. Kernels of nuts. 16. Grape in the form of raisins. 17. Coffee (coughy).

PICTORIAL PROVERB.—Too many cooks spoil the broth.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 20 from G. L. C., 22 all—O. C. Turner, 22—Charlie S. Hill, 3—Mary E. Pinkham, 9—Jno. V. L. Pierson, 3—“Winnie,” 13—Florence Wilcox, 11—Louis Giraud, 8—Lillie Burling, 5—Robert A. Gally, 5—J. W., 2—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 10—Antonia A. Alwood, 4—Helen and Kittle, 9—Nellie S. Tappan, 6—R. E. B., 2—M. J. S., 1—Violet, 1—T. S. V. P., 12—Mabel R. Thompson, 3—Miss Lillian Haldeman, 11—Anita Newcombe, 7—Bessie C. Barney, 13—G. D. Mitchell, 3—Mattie Olmsted, 16—Lizzie Thurber, 5—R. Townsend McKeon, 6—Samuel Willard, 1—Ruth E. Eldridge, 3—Emma Maxwell and Blanche Harris, 7—Lucile Watling, 1—Nellie C. Emerson, 13—Bettie and Grant Weidman, 2—Mary Weidman, 3—Pauline Israel and Clara Potsdamer, 6—“Hard and Tough,” 3—Charles N. Cogswell, 6—Mabel Richmond, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 6—Lillie and Annie, 8—B. C. and H. E. Melvin, 3—Blank Family, 17—Mary C. M., 2—Ida Cohn, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 8—Cornie and Nellie, 4—Emma Valentine, 8—Carrie Adler, 3—Alfred H. Hunt, 4—Bettie L. Hillegeist, 2—“Hazel,” 5—Cousin Eben Ebenezer, 7—Max West, 2. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

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"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK, THE BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN,
SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN JAGS AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS!"

Mother Goose.